



DARING *the* SUPERNATURAL



No 9
JULY

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

10¢

YOU'LL NEVER... MAKE
HER... YOUR VICTIM!

Can
BEAUTY TOUCH THE
CRUEL HEART OF A
VAMPIRE? READ THE
STARTLING ANSWER IN
THE MOST SPINETINGLING
STORY EVER...

"DEATH *has*
WINGS"!



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Please enter my attached drawing in your April contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

Amateurs Only!

Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.



The WEIRD WAGER

HOW TERRIFIED WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU WERE SNATCHED UP INTO THE DREAD **UNKNOWN** ... TO LEARN THAT YOU WERE THE SUBJECT OF A WEIRD WAGER BETWEEN **DEATH** AND **THE DEVIL**? FAR FETCHED, YOU THINK? THEN READ THE STRANGE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE...AND LEARN THE MEANING OF **SUPERNATURAL DREAD**!



SOMEWHERE IN THE NETHERWORLD...

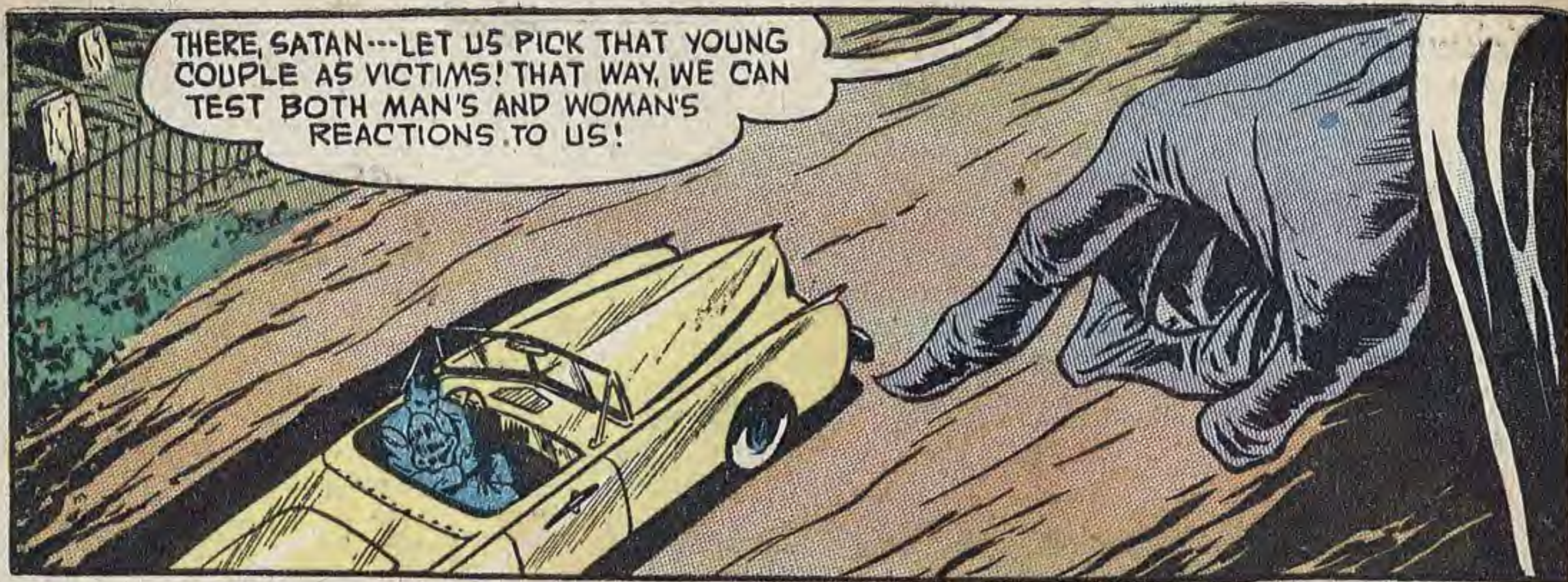
THEN IT'S A WAGER, SATAN... THAT HUMANS FEAR **ME** MORE THAN THEY DO **YOU**!

IT'S A WAGER, DEATH! IF YOU WIN, I CAN'T CLAIM ANY OF YOUR VICTIMS FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR...BUT IF I WIN, I CLAIM THE SOULS OF **ALL** THE DEAD FOR A YEAR!

AGREED! WE WILL DESCEND TO EARTH TO SELECT A HUMAN...AND THEN TAKE TURNS PORTRAYING THE TERRORS THAT EACH OF US HOLDS IN STORE FOR HIM! HE WILL THEN BE GIVEN THE CHOICE OF GOING WITH EITHER YOU OR ME...AND THE ONE WHO IS CHOSEN **LOSES** THE BET, BECAUSE IT MEANS THE MORTAL FEARS THE **OTHER** ONE MORE!

HA-HA...GOOD! LET US DESCEND TO PICK OUR VICTIM **NOW!**





THERE, SATAN---LET US PICK THAT YOUNG COUPLE AS VICTIMS! THAT WAY, WE CAN TEST BOTH MAN'S AND WOMAN'S REACTIONS TO US!



WHY NOT?... YOU, DEATH... YOU SHALL HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF PRESENTING YOUR CASE FIRST!

HA-HA! ONCE THEY LEARN THE TERRORS THAT I HOLD IN STORE FOR THEM ---YOU WON'T STAND A CHANCE!

ALLEN, SWEET-HEART---I'M SO AFRAID SOMETIMES THAT SOMETHING WILL COME BETWEEN US...

NONSENSE, RITA, DARLING...**NOTHING** WILL EVER SEPARATE US!

NOTHING? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ABOUT... **DEATH?**



HUM? WHAT IS THAT CREEP?

QUICK, DRIVE AWAY FROM IT---**WHAT-EVER IT IS!**

FOOL---DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE **DEATH?**



FASTER, ALLEN...**FASTER!** WE MUSTN'T LET IT GET US!

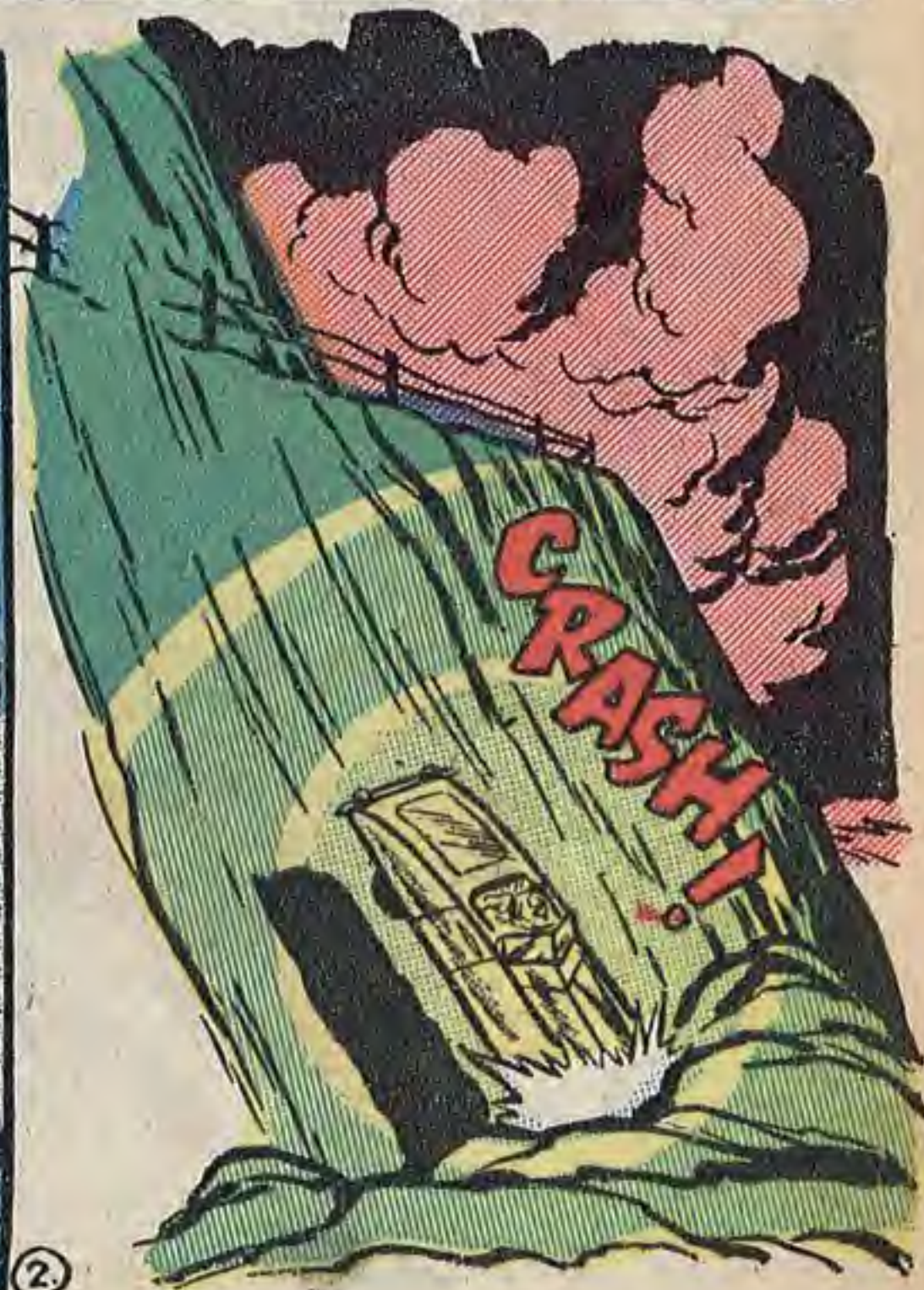
IT...IT'S NOT SAFE TO GO ANY FASTER ON THIS ROAD!



SUDDENLY---

LOOK OUT, ALLEN!

IT...IT TWISTED THE WHEEL---THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!





MOMENTS LATER...

RISE, O BODIES
OF THE DEAD...
RISE!



AFTER A FLIGHT TO THE DREAD REGION
OF THE NETHERWORLD...



OH, ALLEN...
I... I'M
AFRAID!

THERE'S NO-
THING TO FEAR
NOW, DARLING!
WE'RE DEAD
...NOTHING
WORSE CAN
HAPPEN TO
US!

NOTH-
ING?
HA
HAA
HAA!



AT THE END OF A VOYAGE OF
UNSPEAKABLE HORROR...

OFF,
DOOMED
ONES...
OFF!



HERE IS WHERE
YOUR **SOULS**
PERISH... TO-
GETHER WITH
YOUR BODIES!

BUT...BUT I
THOUGHT
THERE WAS
A LIFE
AFTER
DEATH!

THERE *IS* A LIFE AFTER DEATH FOR HUMANITY--- BUT NOT FOR DEATH'S **SPECIAL** VICTIMS! AS SOON AS I TOUCH **YOU**, YOUR FLESH WILL RETURN TO DUST, YOUR BODIES CRUMPLE, WHILE YOUR SPIRITS WILL BE BANISHED TO THE ETERNAL BLACK VOID OF UTTER **NOTHINGNESS!** CLING TO EACH OTHER WHILE YOU CAN, FOR THIS IS **YOUR LAST MOMENT!**



NO...NO! WE LOVE EACH OTHER TOO MUCH --- YOU **CAN'T** DO THAT!

DON'T TEAR US APART--- **DON'T!**



IN THE NEXT MOMENT---

NO... NO!

DON'T...



WE---WE'RE BACK IN THE CAR--- **ALIVE** ---JUST AS WE WERE BEFORE **DEATH** CAME!

WAS---WAS IT ALL A TERRIBLE **HALLUCINATION?**



WHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE NETHERWORLD---

YOUR TURN, SATAN!

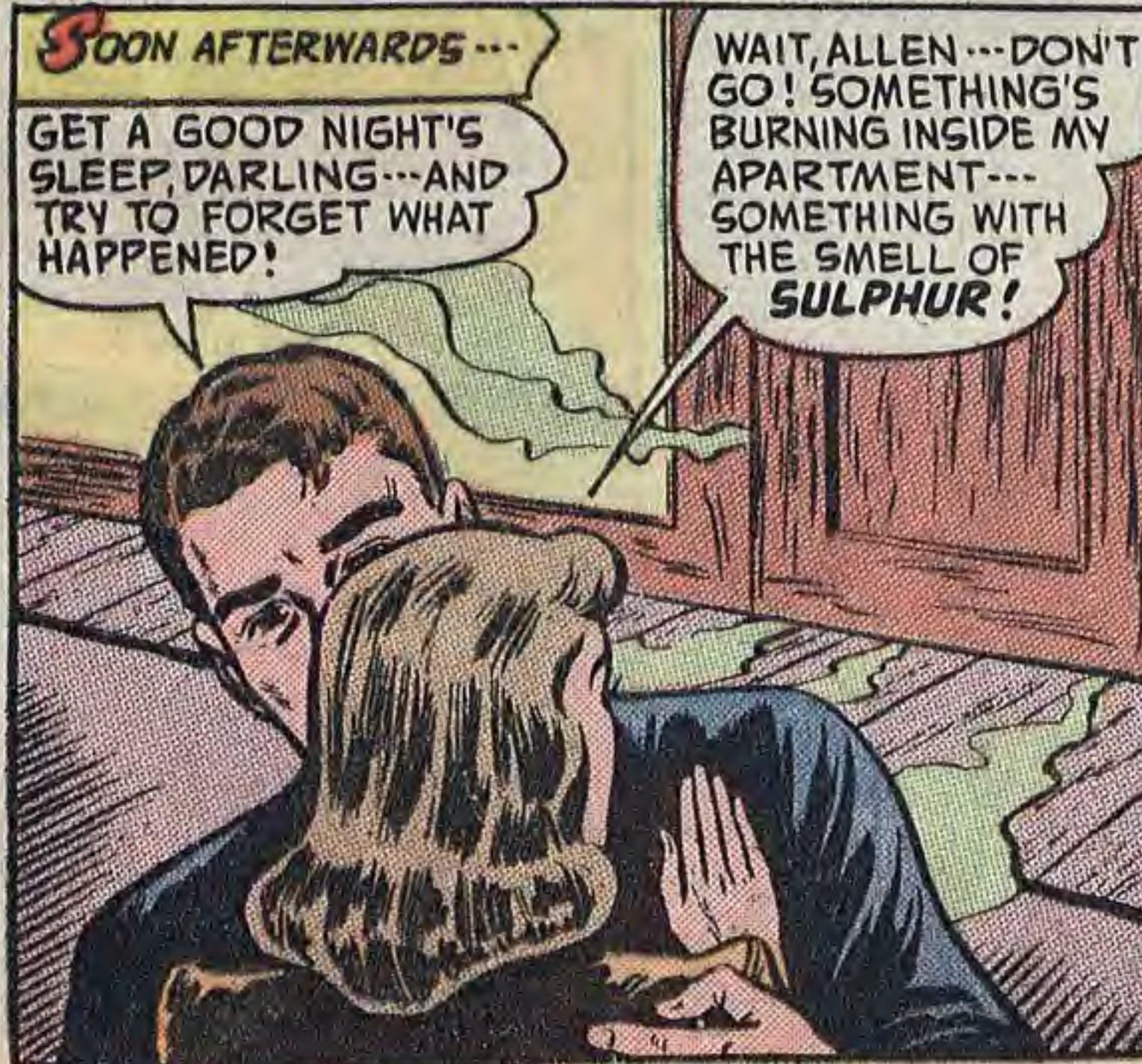
HA--- **THAT** IS HOW YOU TRIED TO TERRIFY THEM? WHERE WERE THE TORTURES, THE AGONIES THAT MANKIND FEARS?



SOON AFTERWARDS---

GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, DARLING---AND TRY TO FORGET WHAT HAPPENED!

WAIT, ALLEN---DON'T GO! SOMETHING'S BURNING INSIDE MY APARTMENT--- SOMETHING WITH THE SMELL OF **SULPHUR!**



I'D BETTER GET THOSE WINDOWS OPEN --- **FAST!**





BUT WAIT...THERE IS YET MORE!
THERE ARE THOSE LOST SOULS WHO
ARE DOOMED TO PUSH THAT MIGHTY
BOULDER FOR ALL ETERNITY! THEY
HAVE BEEN PROMISED RELEASE IF
THEY REACH THE TOP, BUT THEIR
LABORS ARE IN VAIN...FOR THE
BOULDER ALWAYS FALLS JUST
BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR
GOAL!



IT...IT'S AWFUL
...THERE WERE
WOMEN SUFFERING
THERE, AS WELL
AS MEN!

YES...ON EARTH MANY OF
THEM WERE MARRIED, OR
PLEGGED TO EACH OTHER--
AND NOW THEY MEET MY
ETERNAL TORTURES TO-
GETHER!



**BUT NOW...
RETURN...
RETURN TO
EARTH...
WHERE YOU
WILL DECIDE
YOUR OWN
FATE!**



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

WE'RE...BACK!
BUT **LOOK!**
WON'T WE
EVER BE
FREE OF
THEM?

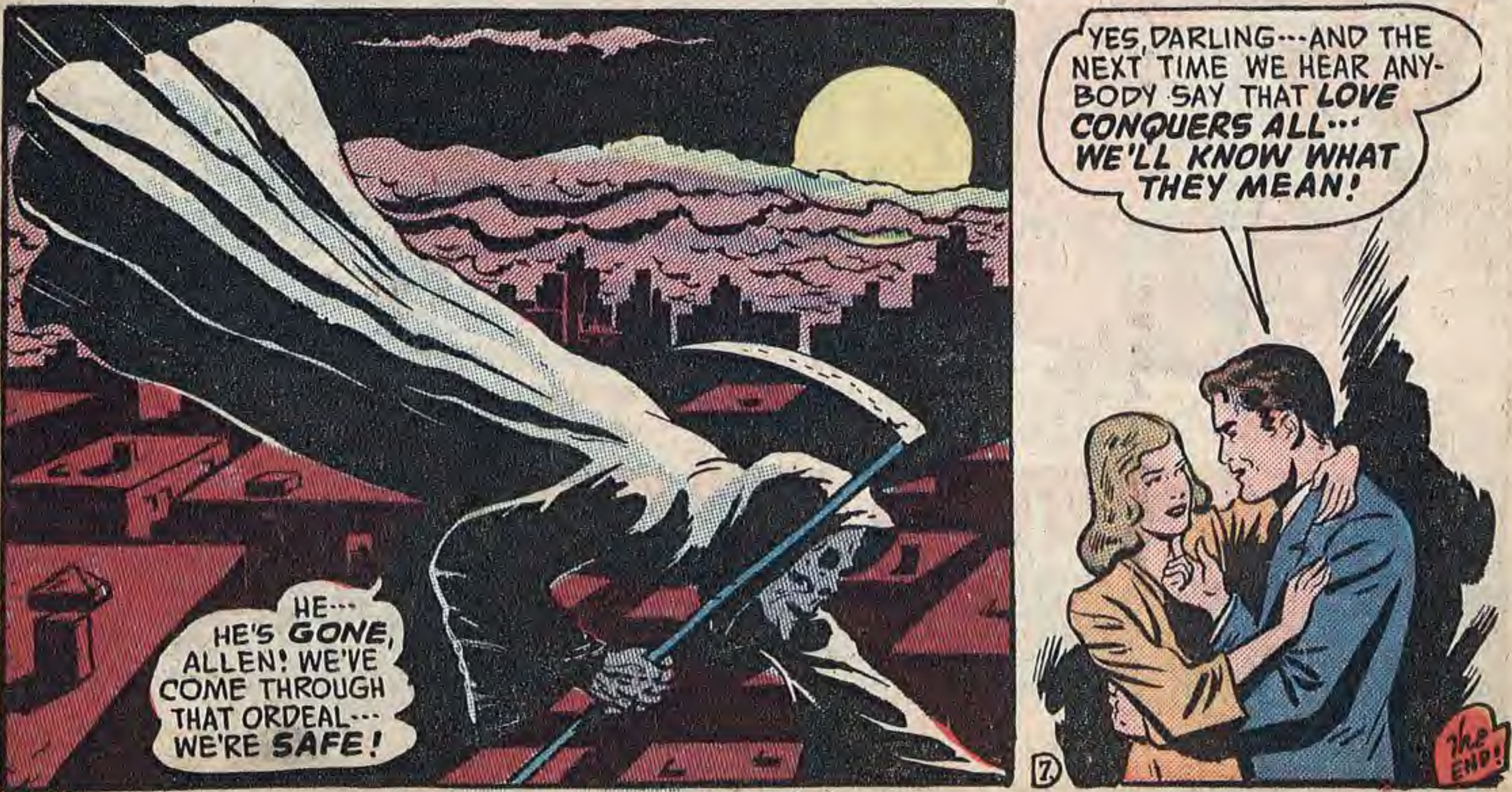
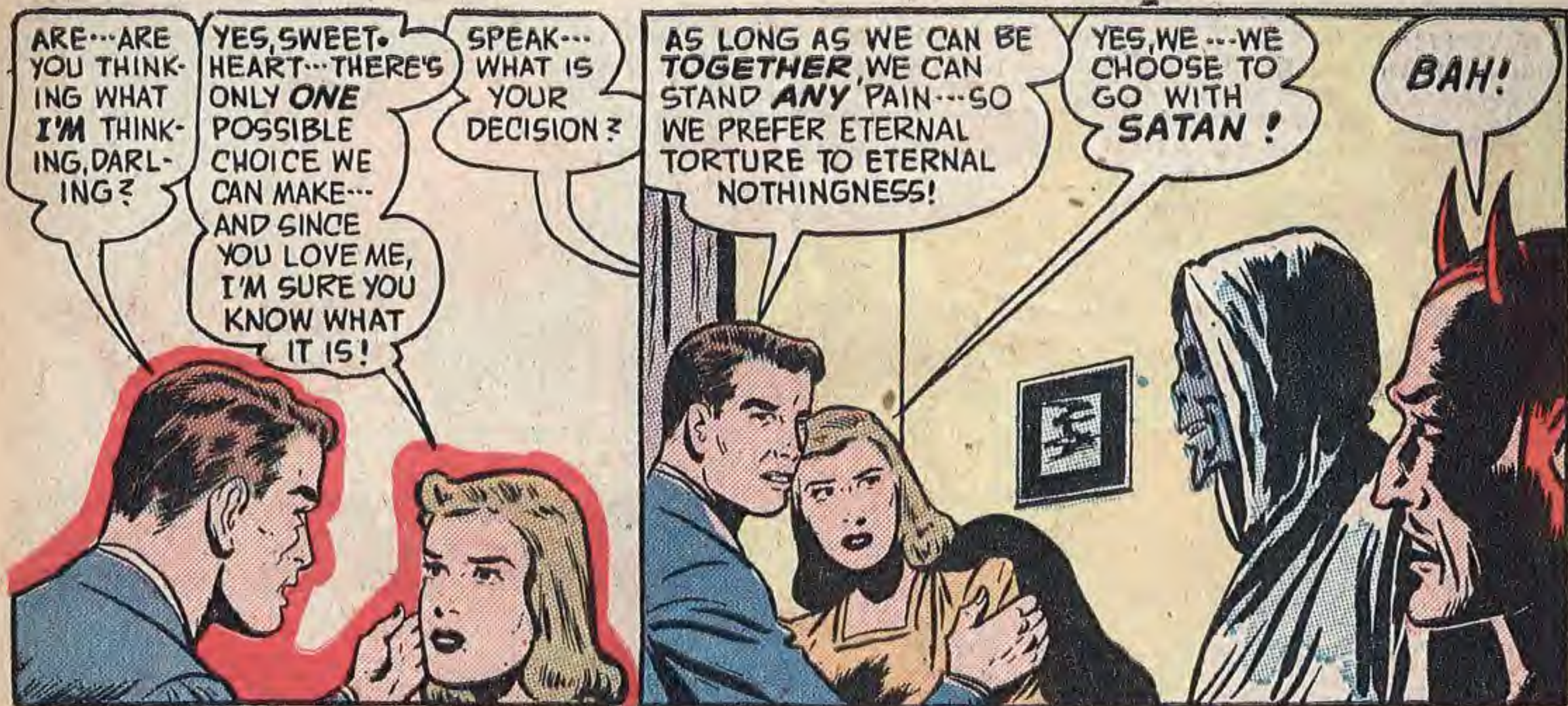
I DON'T KNOW,
HONEY...BUT I'VE
GOT A FEELING
THIS IS THE
SHOWDOWN!

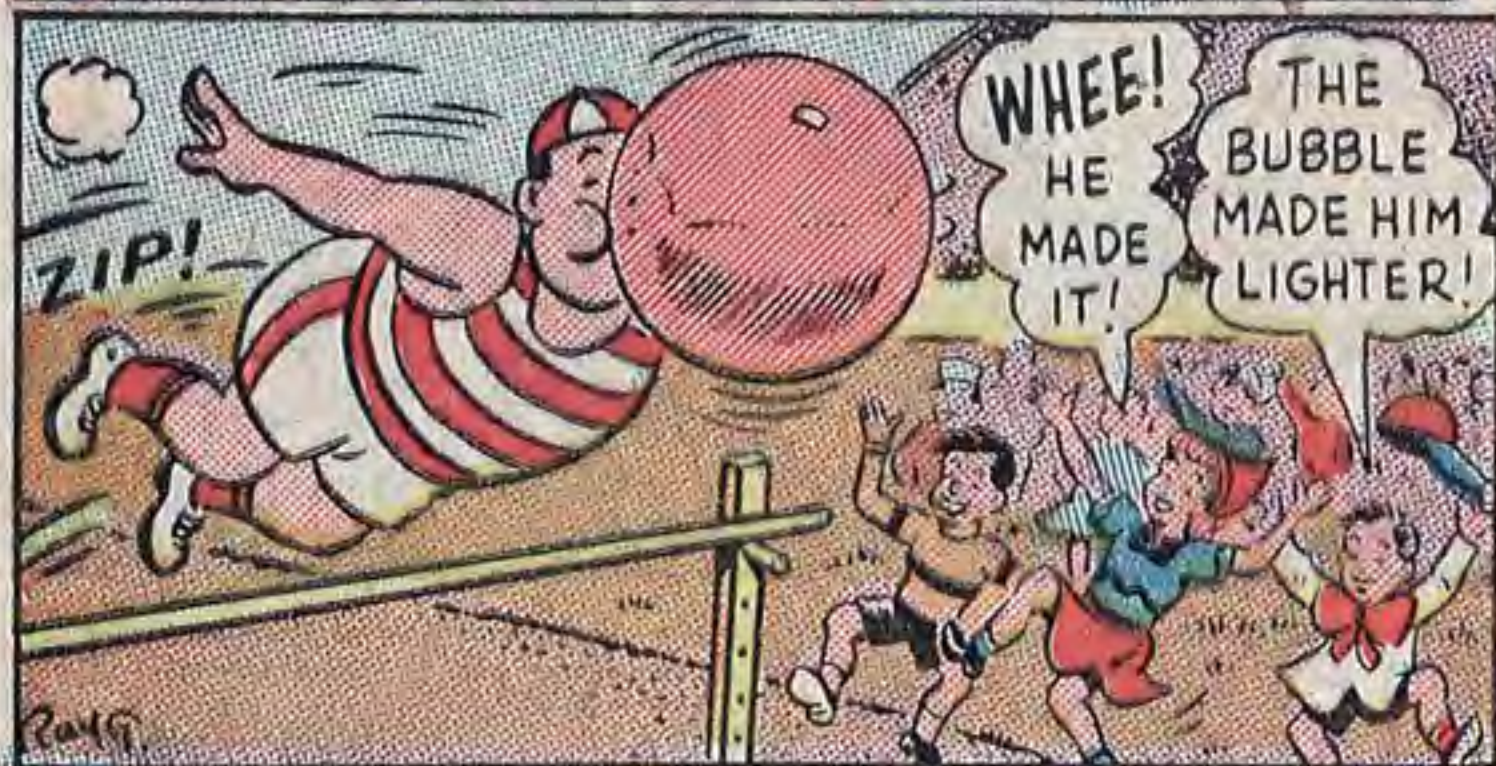
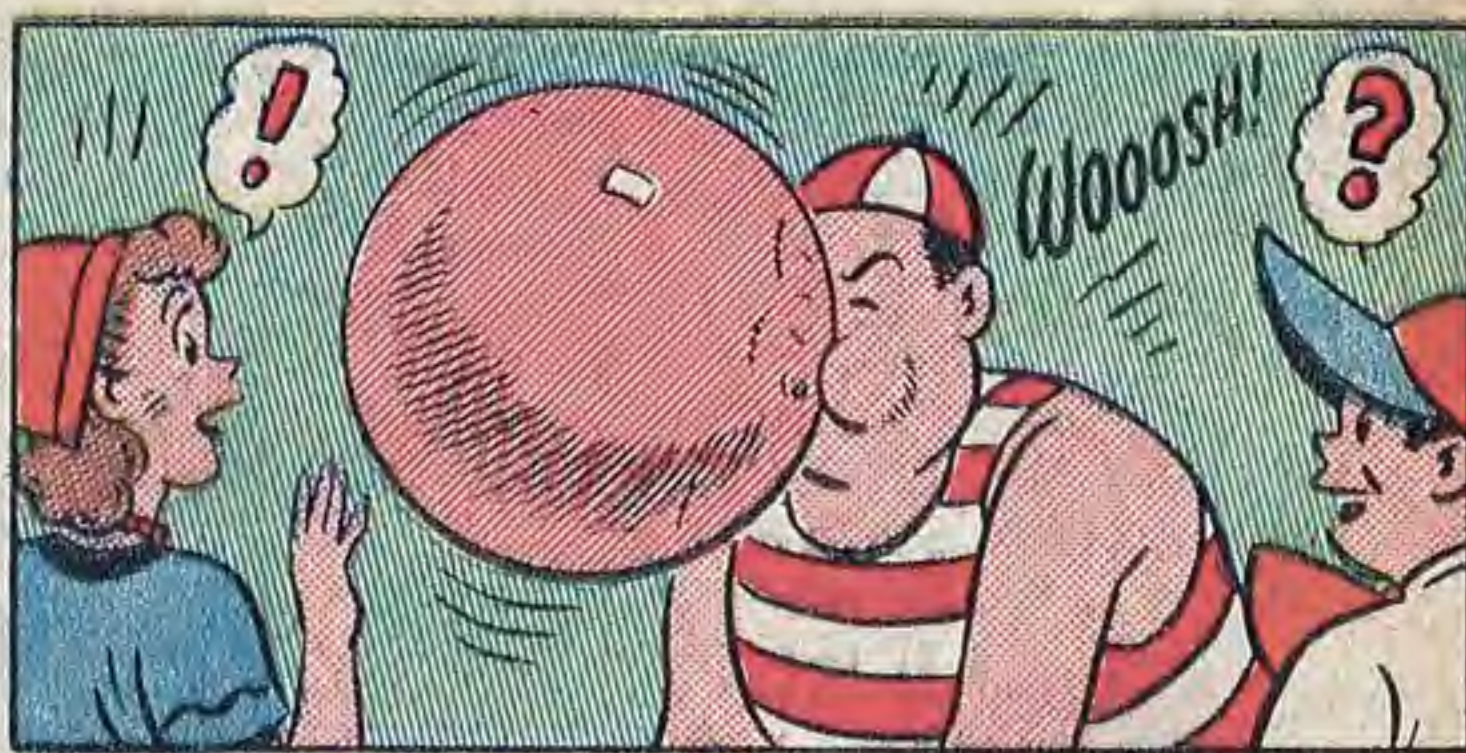


YES, THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN
YOU CHOOSE YOUR FATE! I OFFER
YOU ETERNAL NOTHINGNESS AND
NON-EXISTENCE...AND YOU CAN
EITHER CHOOSE TO COME
WITH ME...

...OR WITH **ME**,
WHO OFFERS YOU
ETERNAL PAIN AND
TORTURE! WHICH DO
YOU CHOOSE?
**DECIDE...
QUICKLY!**







F. H. FLEER CORP. PHILA. 41, PENNA.



Out of the Unknown ... TO YOU!

That's **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!** ★★

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT MAGAZINE OF THE SUPERNATURAL! READ IT FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS... FOR TENSE, SPINE-TINGLING ENTERTAINMENT SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED! FOR GASPS GALORE,

don't miss

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR
Favorite
Newsstand

Death has Wings

IT HAD NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE! DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THERE HAD BEEN COUNTLESS VICTIMS, YOUNG AND OLD, AND NEVER HAD HE HESITATED! BUT THIS ONE WAS **DIFFERENT!** FOR PULSE-QUICKENING SUSPENSE, READ THIS WEIRD STORY OF DEADLY **VAMPIRISM**-- AND THRILL TO THE TENSE MENACE OF **WINGED DEATH!**



WHY SHOULD I--
HESITATE? WHAT
I **AM** TELLS ME
WHAT I MUST DO
-- AND **YET**--

ON THE BALCONY OF A CRUMBLING OLD DUTCH MANSION, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE HUDSON--

LOOK, SISTER!
OUR BROTHERS
LORN AND
DRAKKO
RETURN!

AND NOT TOO
SOON! ALREADY
I FEEL THE
APPROACH
OF **DAWN!**



SOUNDLESSLY, THE PAIR ALIGHT! AND, AS USUAL--THE SISTERS DART FORWARD TO GREET THE ONE CALLED **DRAKKO**--

WELL, DRAKKO,
WHAT SORT
OF NIGHT
DID YOU
HAVE?

REWARDING AS
USUAL, HESTER! A
YOUNG FARMER, IN
THE PRIME OF LIFE! I
STRUCK WITH BLINDING
FORCE-- HE NEVER
KNEW WHAT
HAPPENED!





AND **YOU** LORN? DID YOU HAVE EQUAL SUCCESS?

I'M AFRAID NOT! I HAD-- NO VICTIM!



NO VICTIM! YOU SAY IT SO SIMPLY--AS THOUGH IT DIDN'T MATTER! BUT YOU KNOW THE LAW THAT GOVERNS OUR KIND-- NOT TO KILL IS TO BRING **SELF-DESTRUCTION!** EVEN NOW YOUR STRENGTH EBBS FROM YOUR BODY-- AND IN A LITTLE WHILE IT MAY BE **TOO LATE!**

DOES IT-- MATTER?



NO, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER **YOU** LIVE OR DIE! BUT YOUR TRAITOROUS, COWARDLY BEHAVIOR IS AN INSULT TO OUR VENERABLE FAMILY NAME!

FOR 300 YEARS WE'VE LIVED AND PROSPERED AS VAMPIRES-- FIRST IN EUROPE, NOW HERE IN AMERICA! IT'S A GOOD LIFE, RICH WITH THE PROMISE OF ETERNITY AND ONE OF WHICH WE SHOULD ALL FEEL PROUD!



SPEAK FOR THE OTHERS-- NOT FOR **ME!**



I FEEL NO PRIDE--ONLY **DISGUST!** I **DESPISE** THIS BEASTLY FORM MY BODY MUST TAKE EACH NIGHT, AND THE UNHOLY URGE FOR VICTIMS THAT SURGES WITHIN ALL OF OUR KIND! AND EVEN MORE, I DESPISE **YOU** FOR RELISHING THE CURSED THING YOU ARE!



COWARDLY DOG! YOU DARE SPEAK TO **ME** THUS?

STOP... AT ONCE!

SLAP!

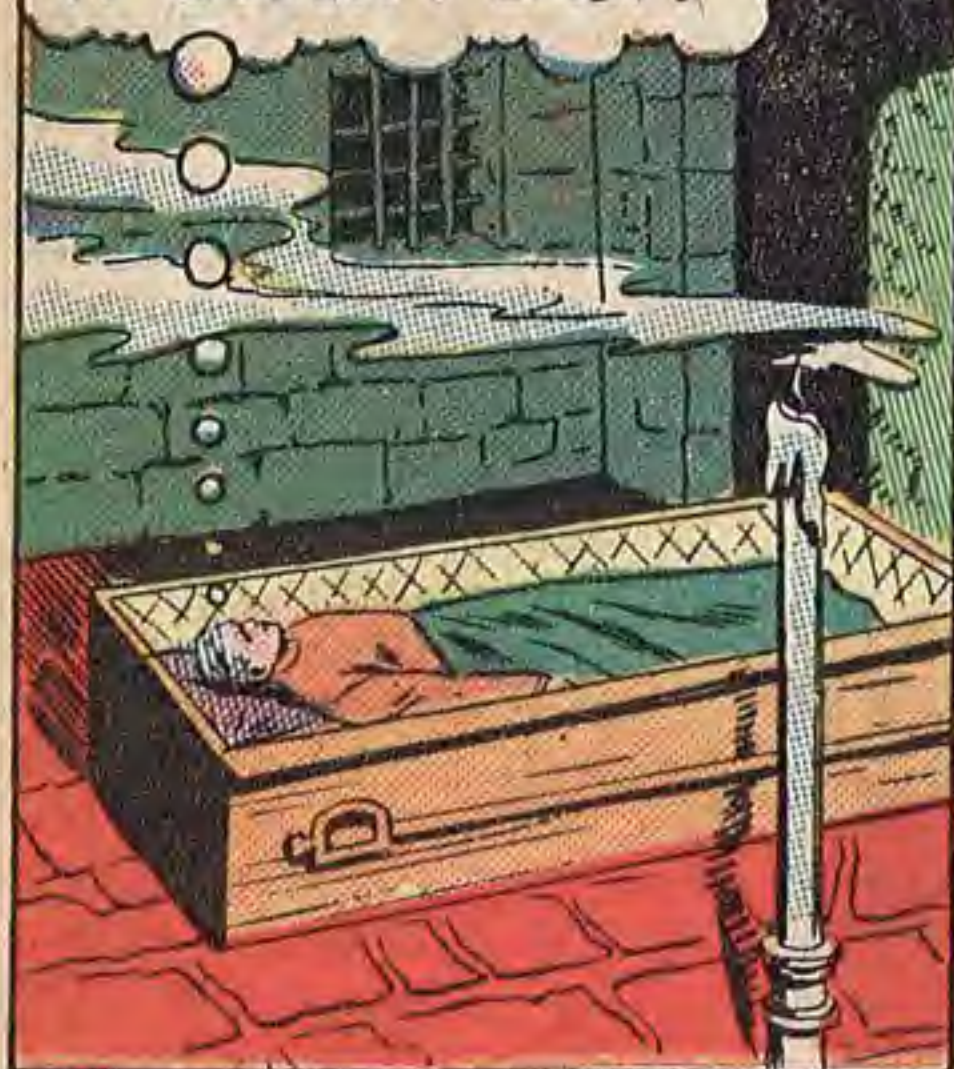


ENOUGH OF THIS! THERE WILL BE NO FIGHTING AMONGST OURSELVES! IT IS DAWN, AND WE MUST REST!

VERY WELL, BUT THIS IS NOT THE END! **WE'LL HAVE THIS OUT YET, LORN AND I!**

THE OTHERS SLEEP, BUT NOT LORN! WITH THE RISING OF THE SUN, THE FEARSOME VAMPIRE TRAITS RECEDE, GROW STEADILY FAINTER--

I'M-- RESUMING MY HUMAN FORM! EACH DAY, THE CHANGE COMES-- **BUT IT DOESN'T LAST!**



THE WINGS GO FIRST, THEN THE FANGS! THE BUSHY BROWS THIN DOWN ABOVE THOUGHTFUL, REFLECTIVE EYES--

NOW, ONLY WHEN THE EVIL MARKINGS OF MY CURSE ARE GONE, DARE I THINK OF-- **HER!**



TO THINK THAT ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO, I STOOD BE-SIDE HER! I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW-- HOW CLEARLY--



"LIKE MAGIC, THE SCENE SEEMED TO FLASH BEFORE ME! FOR WEEKS I HAD BEEN COMING HERE, AND SHE NEVER KNEW, NEVER SUSPECTED..."

SHE'S SO ALIVE-- SO VERY BEAUTIFUL! ONE STROKE AND I CAN DESTROY IT ALL! IT'S MY NATURE TO KILL, MY VERY LIFE, AND YET... I-- **I CAN'T!**



WHAT IRONY THAT I, A **VAMPIRE**, SHOULD-- **LOVE HER!** I'M A THING OF **EVIL**, STAINED FOR THREE CENTURIES WITH THE BLOOD OF COUNTLESS VICTIMS! AND YET, SINCE FIRST I SAW HER-- **I CANNOT KILL AGAIN!**



"AND SO I WOULD LEAVE IN THE MANNER IN WHICH I CAME-- AND SHE NEVER KNEW! EACH DAY FOUND ME WEAKER, BUT FILLED WITH A PEACE I HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE..."



AND SO, LORN SLEPT, HIS DREAMS FILLED WITH-- **MEMORIES!** SLOWLY THE DAY PASSED-- AND THE DREADFUL NIGHT DREW ON ONCE MORE!

AWAKEN-- DARKNESS HAS COME! HURRY-- WE MUSTN'T WASTE A SINGLE PRECIOUS MOMENT!



WITH EAGER STROKES OF HIS GREAT WINGS,
LORN IS THE FIRST TO LEAVE --

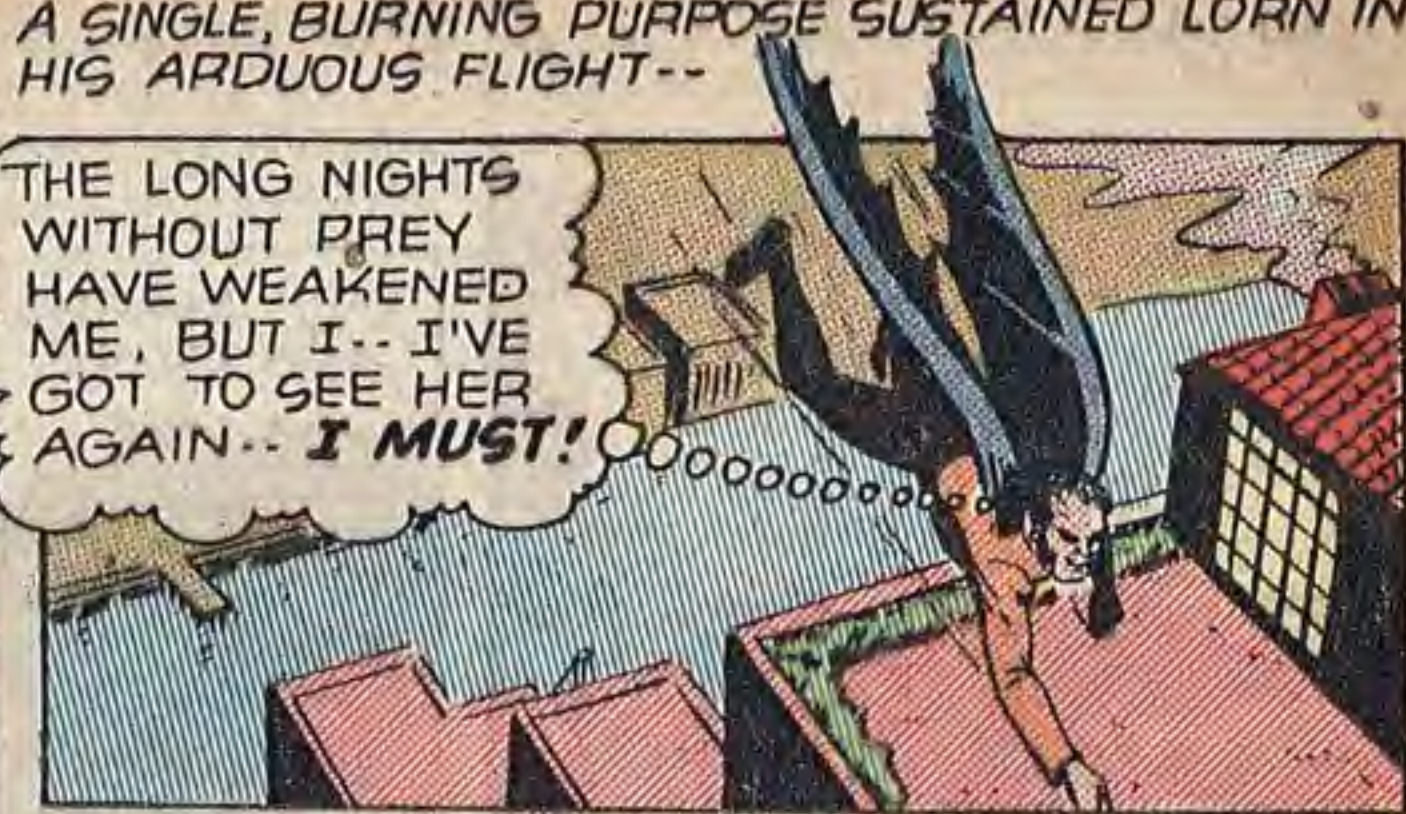
WHERE DOES HE
GO, DRAKKO?
WHAT HAS
CHANGED HIM
SO, GIVEN
HIM SUCH
PURPOSE?

IT'S STRANGE-- IN ONE
WHOSE VAMPIRE
QUESTS ARE VAIN!
I WONDER---



A SINGLE, BURNING PURPOSE SUSTAINED LORN IN
HIS ARDUOUS FLIGHT--

THE LONG NIGHTS
WITHOUT PREY
HAVE WEAKENED
ME, BUT I-- I'VE
GOT TO SEE HER
AGAIN-- **I MUST!**



SILENTLY, HE ALIGHTS--

DRAKKO AND THE OTHERS MAY DESPISE
ME, CALL ME A COWARD-- BUT I'VE
FOUND A PEACE
**THEY'LL NEVER
KNOW!**



EVEN THE
SIGHT
OF HER
MAKES
ME---
**DRAKKO!
YOU!**

SO **THIS** IS WHERE YOU'VE
BEEN SPENDING YOUR TIME!
NOT THAT I CAN BLAME
YOU-- SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL!**
SO BEAUTIFUL THAT I'M
GOING TO MAKE HER
MY **NEXT VICTIM!**



**NO...
NEVER!**

CAN **YOU** HOPE TO STOP ME?
YOUR EBBING STRENGTH IS NO
MATCH AGAINST **MINE!**



OUT OF MY WAY--
COWARD!

OH-HH!



MINUTES LATER, AS LORN STRUGGLES
TO CONSCIOUSNESS--

THAT CRY!
SHE'S IN
DANGER!

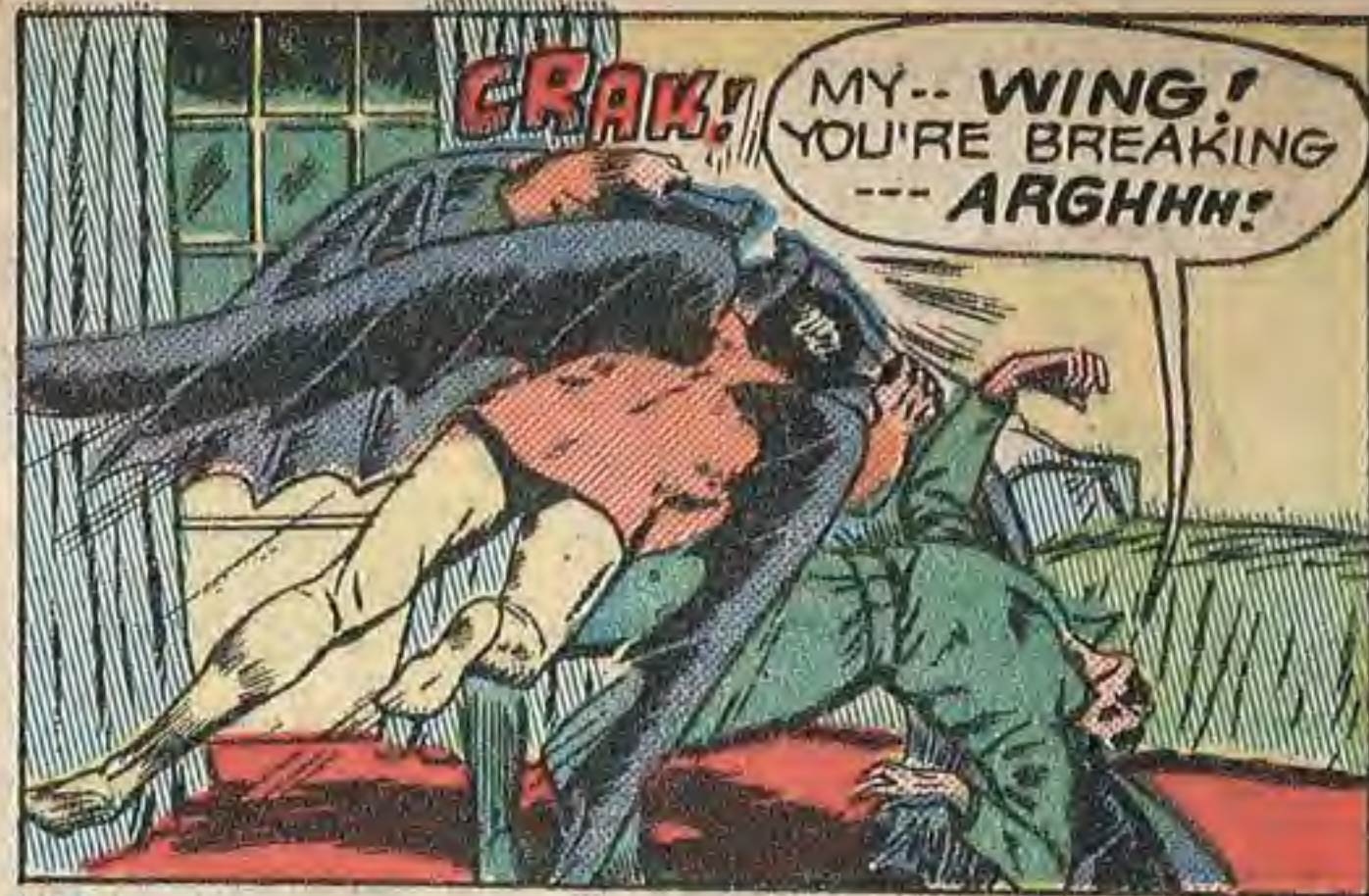
**HELP!
HELP!**





YOU AGAIN?
BACK, OR
I'LL...

THIS TIME YOU
DIE, DRAKKO!
I SWEAR IT!



CRACK! MY-- WING!
YOU'RE BREAKING
--- ARGHHH!

WITH HIS FINAL STRENGTH, LORN BEARS THE
STRUGGLING DRAKKO TO THE TERRACE'S EDGE--

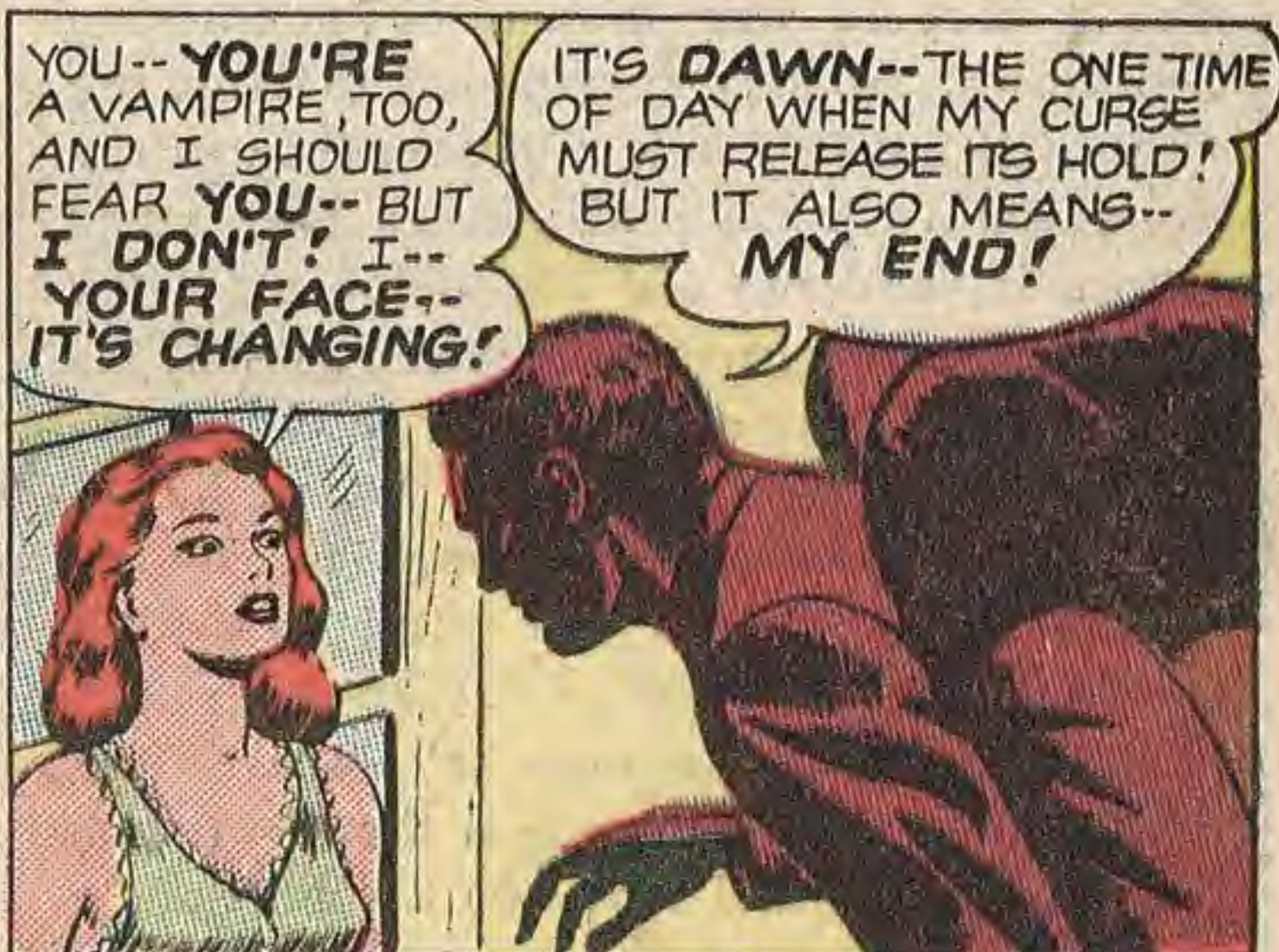


STOP-- DON'T! MY WING'S
BROKEN-- I CAN'T FLY!

YOUR
DEATH,
DRAKKO!
TO YOUR
DEATH!

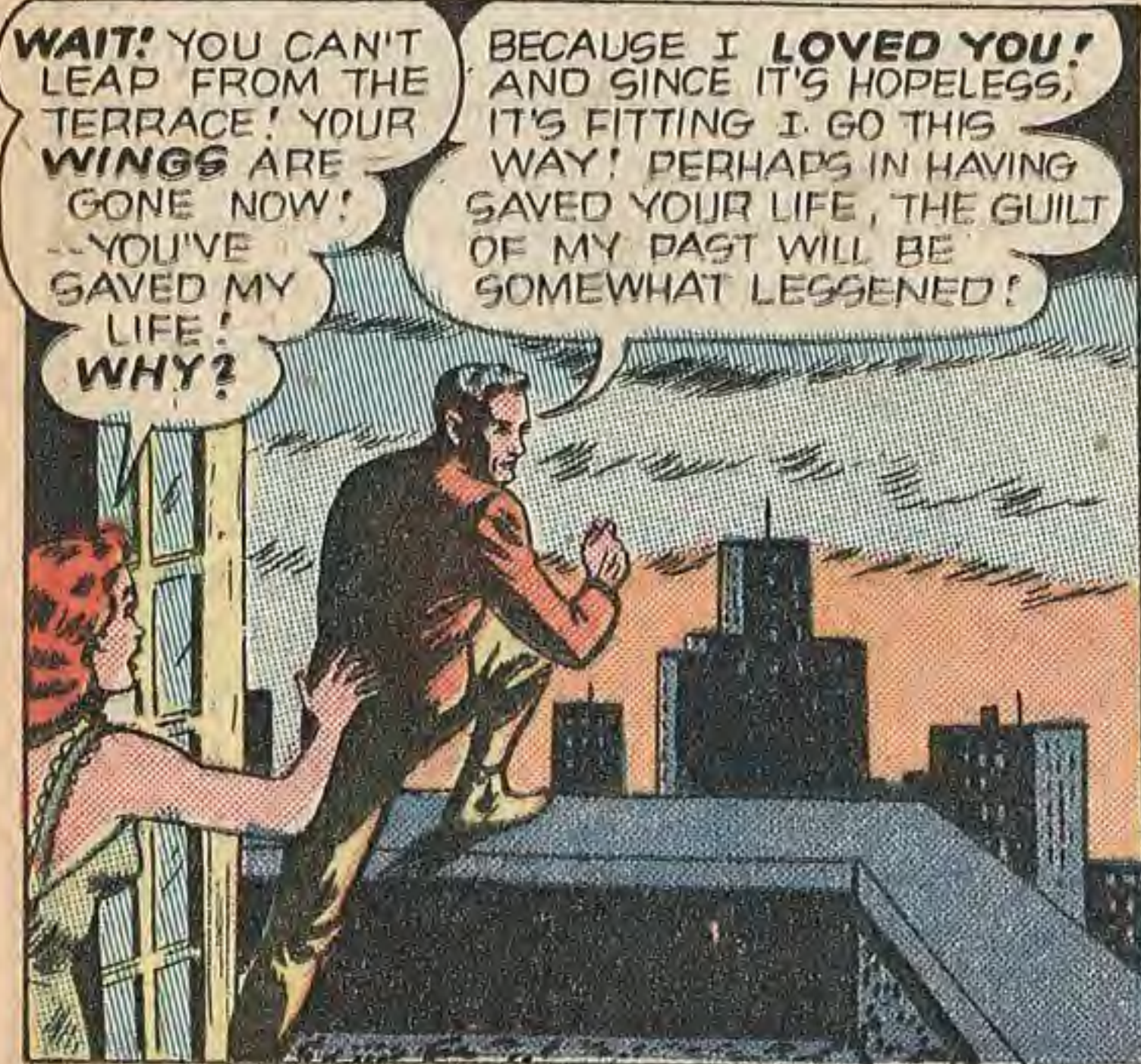


AIEEE!



YOU-- YOU'RE
A VAMPIRE, TOO,
AND I SHOULD
FEAR YOU-- BUT
I DON'T! I--
YOUR FACE--
IT'S CHANGING!

IT'S DAWN--THE ONE TIME
OF DAY WHEN MY CURSE
MUST RELEASE ITS HOLD!
BUT IT ALSO MEANS--
MY END!



WAIT! YOU CAN'T
LEAP FROM THE
TERRACE! YOUR
WINGS ARE
GONE NOW!
-- YOU'VE
SAVED MY
LIFE!
WHY?

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU!
AND SINCE IT'S HOPELESS,
IT'S FITTING I GO THIS
WAY! PERHAPS IN HAVING
SAVED YOUR LIFE, THE GUILT
OF MY PAST WILL BE
SOMEWHAT LESSENER!

SOUNDLESSLY, LORN STEPS OVER THE EDGE! AND
AS A CRASH RESOUNDS FROM FAR BELOW--

HE-- HE'S DEAD! M-MAYBE HE WAS EVIL, LED
A CURSED LIFE-- BUT HIS SACRIFICE RE-
DEEMED HIM! PERHAPS HE'LL FIND
PEACE NOW-- AFTER ALL--



The End

HAUNTED HOUSE

"**I** WISH I had enough money for a new bike," said Tod Blakely miserably. "The gang's organized an overnight bicycle trip to the State Park, and that thing I ride is just about ready for the junk heap! Gosh, we're gonna spend the night in the camping area and maybe visit the old haunted house over near Smithtown..."

"That'll be enough, son," said Mr. Blakely sternly. "I just can't afford a new bicycle...if you go, it'll have to be on the old one! And don't let me hear any more talk about haunted houses, either...that's just silly *superstition!*"

Well, if it was silly superstition, then the gang was superstitious, all right! Tod's bicycle had broken down entering Smithtown, so they determined to visit the "haunted house" before proceeding to the State Park. It was twilight as they stood before it, and the old house loomed stark and frightening in the gathering gloom, its empty windows staring like blind eyes. None of the boys would go in, and they amused themselves by teasing Tod, daring him to go in. "Tell you what!" said Alf Goodman. "You keep on saying you're not scared, but you won't go in! We double-dare you to spend the *night* there! If you do, each of us will lend you his bike for a week!"

Tod knew he was scared...but the offer was a tempting one, now that his own bicycle seemed to have broken down permanently. The boys kept on daring him...with the inevitable result! So it was that he found himself crouched in the main chamber of the old house, trembling and wishing he hadn't been fool enough to take the challenge. The boys had departed, promising to pick him up the next morning...and Tod was having the jitters! At first, he took fright at every creak of the ancient floorboards, but when nothing happened, his fears became allayed and he soon dozed off. It must have been about midnight when he awoke with a start at a scream

which made his hair stand on end. Then he saw them...two glowing spheres of light which took shadowy form and hovered in midair near him. One was a fierce-looking old man, the other a ferret-faced little man who seemed to be a servant. Both were clad in mouldering costumes of over a century ago. Obviously, the scream had come from the servant, and small wonder...for his master had seized him by the throat. "You've been stealing my hidden money, you rogue," gritted the spectral old man. Now the other was screaming again...screaming out a denial. As Tod watched in horrified fear, the old man dragged his captive to the wall, pushed aside a panel and pointed within. "Just a few pieces of gold left where once there was a fortune," he cried...and tightened his grip on the man's throat until he threw him to the floor, lifeless. Then a blinding flash...and both spirits disappeared!

In the light of the full moon, Tod Blakely crept tremblingly to the wall. It was all a dream...it *had* to have been...but he wanted to convince himself. He gasped as he felt the panel yield creakingly to his hands, revealing a dark interior. And groping within it, he felt the dusty outlines of a few coins.

It was bright and early the next morning when the rest of the gang rode up, to find Tod awaiting them smilingly. They refused to believe that he'd spent the night in the old house, and declared that he hadn't won the loan of their bicycles. But oddly enough, Tod didn't seem to care!

The gang couldn't figure that out. And they couldn't figure out where Tod had gotten the money for the brand new bicycle which he sported shortly afterwards. And another thing they could never understand was why their friend refused, from that day on, even to ride past the old haunted house near Smithtown!

Domain of THE WERE-BEAST



HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED OF BEING PURSUED THROUGH A TERROR-HAUNTED JUNGLE BY SUPERNATURAL BEINGS EVIL BEYOND BELIEF... OF BEING HUNTED DOWN BY GHOULISH DEMONS WHOSE VERY SIGHT MADE YOUR SKIN CRAWL WITH HORROR? IF SO, THEN YOU KNOW THE AWFUL FEAR ALAN AND MARGOT THORNTON EXPERIENCED WHEN SUCH A NIGHTMARE BECAME A REALITY--WHEN THEY PLUNGED INTO THE DOMAIN OF THE WERE-BEAST!

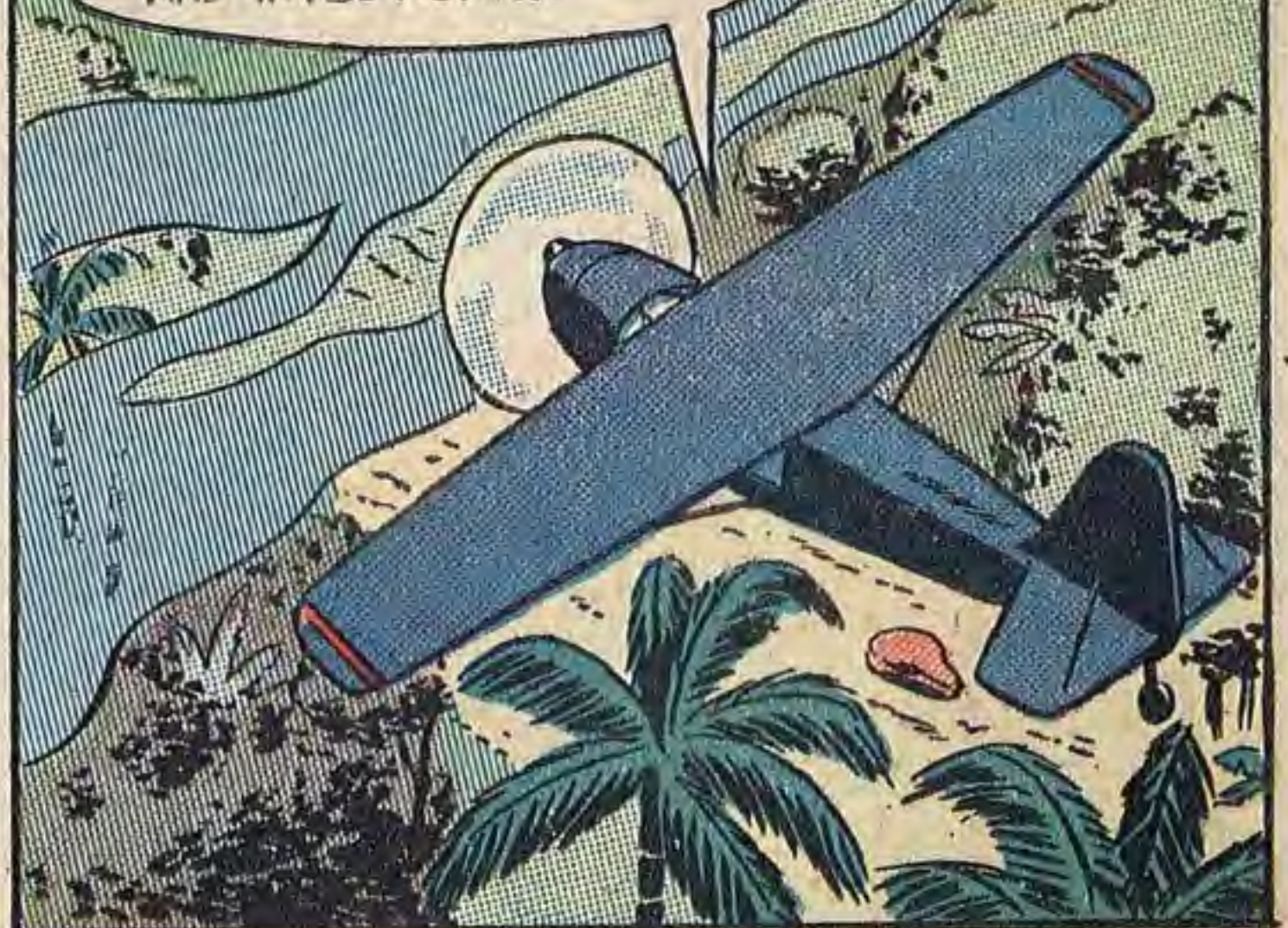
ABOVE THE DENSE JUNGLES OF UNCHARTERED AFRICA...

I WISH YOU WEREN'T SO DETERMINED UPON FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE HUNTERS WHO DISAPPEARED IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE, ALAN! PLEASE--WHY NOT HEAD BACK?

I CAN'T, MARGOT--SOME OF THOSE HUNTERS WERE MY **FRIENDS**--AND I'VE VOWED TO GET TO THE **BOTTOM** OF THIS MYSTERY!



NO TRACE WAS EVER FOUND OF THE MISSING MEN OR THEIR PARTIES! I THOUGHT I MIGHT GET A LEAD BY FLYING OVER THE AREA BEFORE STARTING A GROUND SEARCH! WAIT ---WHAT'S THAT ODD MIST HANGING JUST ABOVE THE JUNGLE OVER THERE? THINK I'LL DIP DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!





BUT BELOW... AH, I HEAR A PLANE APPROACHING-- BEARING MORE SPORT FOR ME!



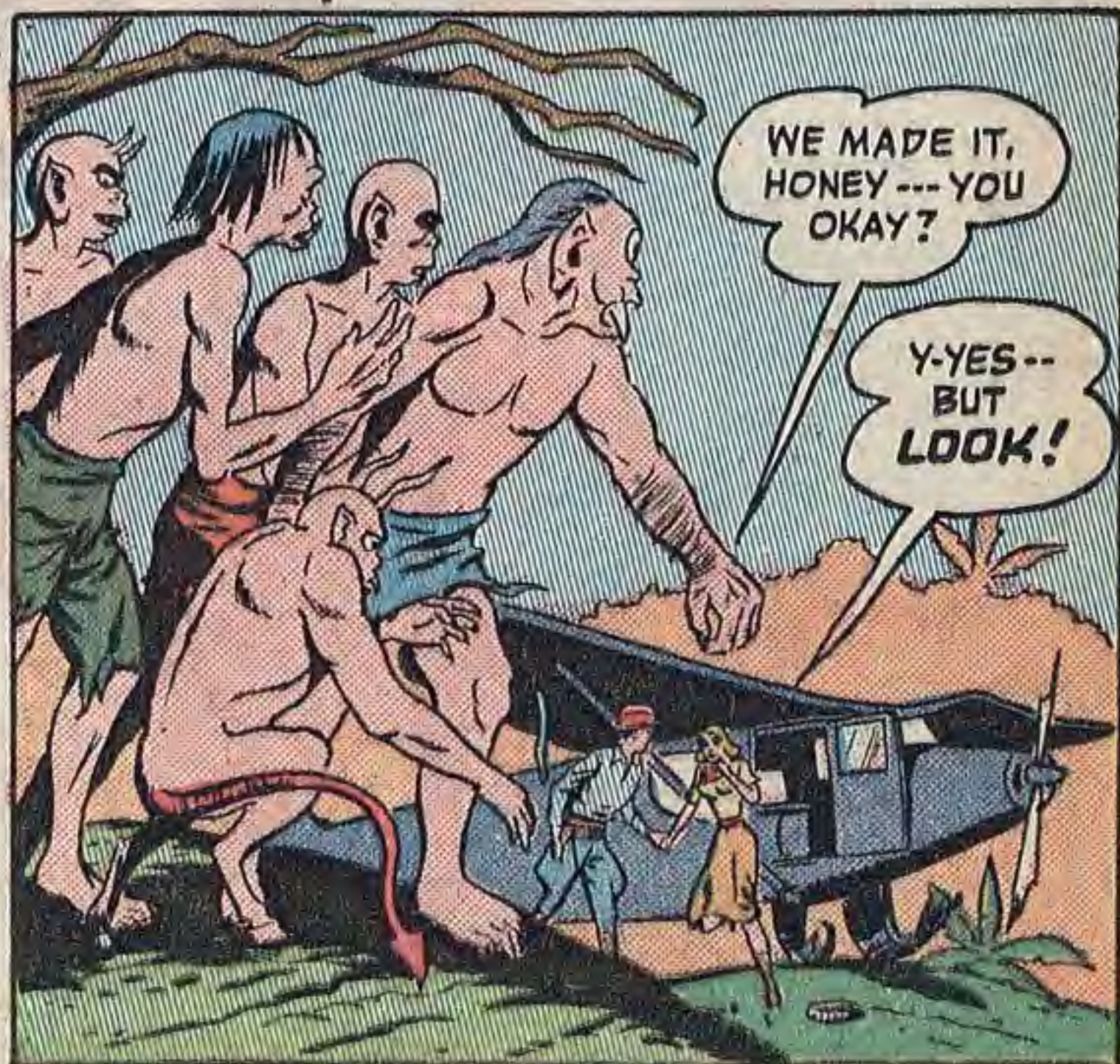
BLAZES ---OUR ENGINES JUST CONKED OUT -- WITHOUT ANY REASON!

ALAN -- THE MISTS BELOW US ARE CLEARING!



LOOK -- THE FOG WAS HIDING THAT GREAT GOTHIC MANSION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE! ALAN -- I... I'M SCARED!

THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY QUEER GOING ON HERE--BUT NO TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT NOW! HOLD ON-- I'M GOING TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!



WE MADE IT, HONEY --- YOU OKAY?

Y-YES -- BUT LOOK!



YE GODS! WHATEVER THOSE THINGS ARE-- THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD! STAND BACK, YOU CREEPS, OR I'LL --



IT'S NO USE -- THE BULLETS DON'T STOP THEM!

NO--BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT FROM THIS WORLD! WE'RE GONERS, MARGOT!



THEY... THEY'VE GOT SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH! I... I CAN'T FIGHT BACK!

DON'T STRUGGLE, ALAN — THEY'RE NOT HARMING US! THEY SEEM TO WANT TO TAKE US SOMEPLACE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY -- THEY'RE LEADING US TO THE MANSION! AND LOOK -- THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING FOR US!



SEE HERE, YOU -- IF THESE CREEPS TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU, ORDER THEM TO UNHAND MY WIFE AND ME! I'M ALAN THORNTON --

AH, YOU MUST BE **THE** ALAN THORNTON -- THE FAMOUS HUNTER! I'M **WOLFRAM DUMOND** -- DELIGHTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! ALLOW MY SERVANTS TO ESCORT YOU INSIDE! I WISH TO SHOW YOU THE REMAINS OF WHAT I HAVE BEEN HUNTING!



THIS IS MY TROPHY ROOM! INTERESTING, EH?

OHH -- **HUMAN HEADS** -- HOW HORRIBLE!

AND THOSE **FACES**... I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THEM!



THERE'S JACK PETERS... GUY WALTON... ANDY CAMPBELL... ALL FAMOUS HUNTERS -- ALL FRIENDS OF MINE! **NOW** I KNOW WHY THEY DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE!



YES! I AM A FAMOUS HUNTER TOO, ONLY -- **I HUNT MEN!** ALL THOSE WHO WANDERED INTO MY JUNGLE DOMAIN -- ALL THOSE WHO FLEW OVER IT AND WERE FORCED DOWN BY ME -- **ALL** BECAME MY PREY! AND I HAVE NEVER YET LOST MY QUARRY -- FOR NONE CAN ESCAPE MY FANGS WHEN I HAVE CHANGED INTO MY **HUNTING FORM!**



THIS FORM!

YE GODS -- HE... HE'S A... A...

YES -- A **WERE-BEAST!**
A CREATURE CAPABLE OF CHANGING INSTANTLY FROM HUMAN INTO ANIMAL! AND NOW -- I'M GOING TO TURN YOU BOTH LOOSE IN THE JUNGLES WITHOUT WEAPONS -- TO BE HUNTED DOWN BY ME AND MY PETS! SOON YOU WILL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE **HUNTED** INSTEAD OF THE HUNTER!
OUT WITH THEM!

I WILL GIVE YOU AN HOUR'S TIME TO FLEE LIKE RABBITS... TO COWER IN YOUR HIDING PLACES LIKE TREMBLING FAWNS -- BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, **YOU WILL FALL VICTIM TO MY FANGS BEFORE THE DAY IS DONE!**

RUN, ALAN -- **RUN!**
SLOW DOWN, BABY -- A CREATURE LIKE DUMOND HAS FAR MORE STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE THAN WE DO -- HE'D BE SURE TO CATCH UP WITH 'IS SOONER OR LATER! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO **OUTWIT** HIM -- AND THAT MEANS USING MY KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING I'VE EVER LEARNED ABOUT THE JUNGLE!

FORTY-FIVE FEVERISH MINUTES LATER...
BUT ARE YOU **SURE** DUMOND WON'T DETECT THAT PITFALL, ALAN?
POSITIVE! NO JUNGLE ANIMAL OR NATIVE HAS EVER DETECTED ONE OF MY TRAPS BEFORE -- AND DUMOND WILL BE NO EXCEPTION! WHEN HE COMES TO THIS SPOT ON THE TRAIL, HE'LL STUMBLE INTO THE PIT AND BE IMPALED ON THOSE SHARP STAKES AT THE BOTTOM!

SOON...
AH, I SENSE A CLEVER TRAP AHEAD -- ONE THAT MIGHT HARM ME, BUT NOT **YOU**, MY PETS! **GO -- GO!**

HAA HAA HA!

THORNTON IS **CLEVER** -- BUT NOT CLEVER **ENOUGH!** HE FORGOT THAT MY FIENDS CAN'T BE DESTROYED BY NATURAL MEANS!
AFTER THEM!



ALAN--- THEY'RE BEHIND US AGAIN-- AND THEY'RE GAINING!

SO MY TRAP DIDN'T WORK, EH? WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO NOW-- **SCALE THAT CLIFF AHEAD OF US** AND PRAY THAT WE REACH A SPOT WHERE WE CAN HURL BOULDERS ON THEM!



HA-HA! SOON THEY WILL BE UNABLE TO CLIMB HIGHER--- SOON THEY WILL BE AT MY **MERCY!**



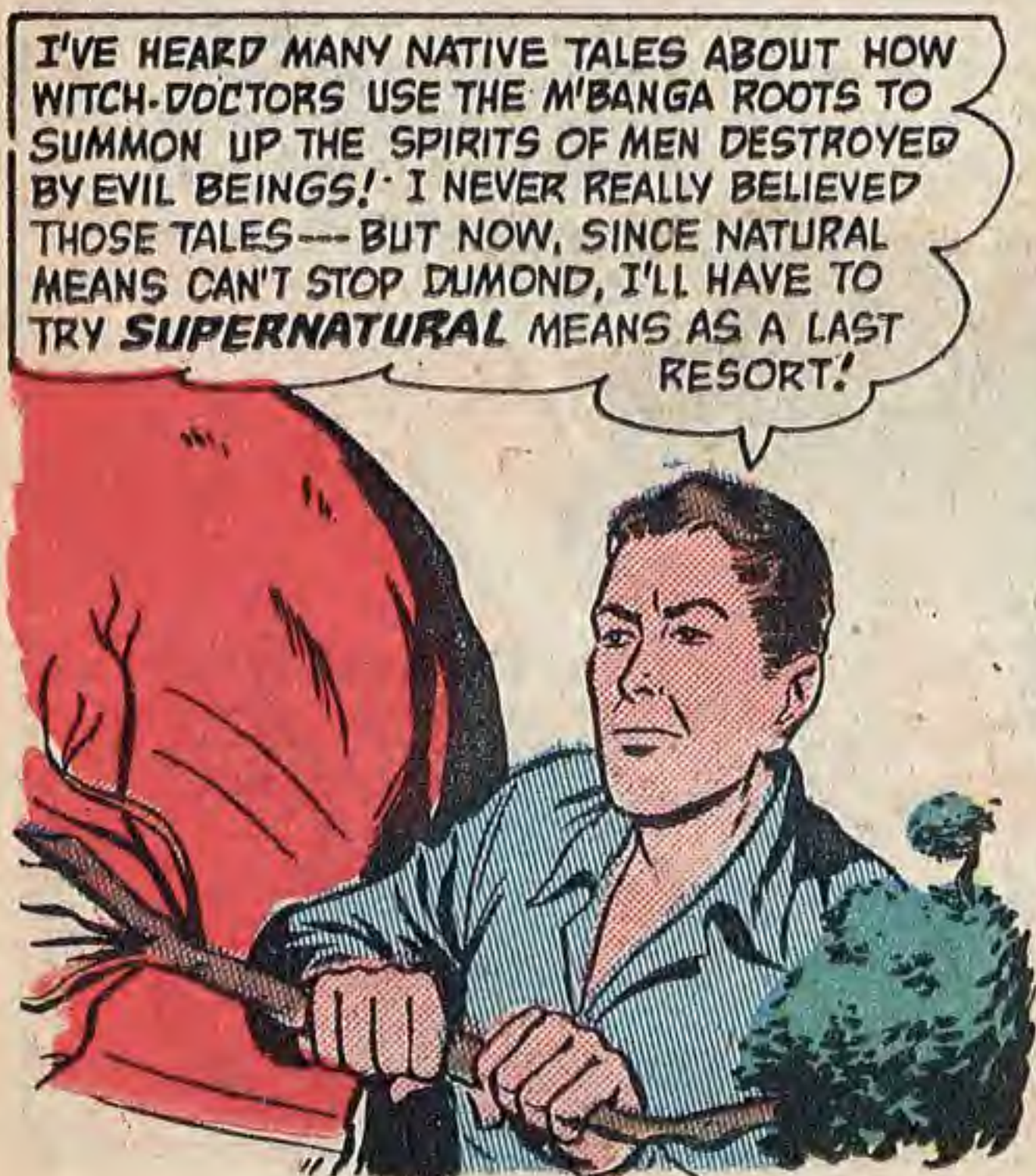
ALAN--- THOSE ARE **HEADLESS SKELETONS!** OTHERS MUST HAVE BEEN CAUGHT UP HERE BY DUMOND!

YES---AND THE REASON IS PLAIN TO SEE--- **NO CREATURE WITHOUT WINGS CAN SCALE THAT VERTICAL CLIFF ABOVE US!**



THEN... WE'RE **DOOMED!** DUMOND AND THOSE CREATURES WILL TEAR US APART!

WAIT--- THERE'S A **M'BANGA SHRUB** GROWING ON THE LEDGE--- MAYBE WE'RE **NOT DOOMED!**



I'VE HEARD MANY NATIVE TALES ABOUT HOW WITCH-DOCTORS USE THE M'BANGA ROOTS TO SUMMON UP THE SPIRITS OF MEN DESTROYED BY EVIL BEINGS! I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED THOSE TALES--- BUT NOW, SINCE NATURAL MEANS CAN'T STOP DUMOND, I'LL HAVE TO TRY **SUPERNATURAL** MEANS AS A LAST RESORT!



ANYTHING, ALAN--- BUT **HURRY!** THEY... THEY'RE ALMOST AT THE LEDGE!

I'M ALMOST THROUGH--- ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS PLACE SOME OF THE ROOTS IN THE HEART CAVITIES OF THOSE WHOSE SPIRITS I WANT TO SUMMON UP! **THERE--- THAT DOES IT!**

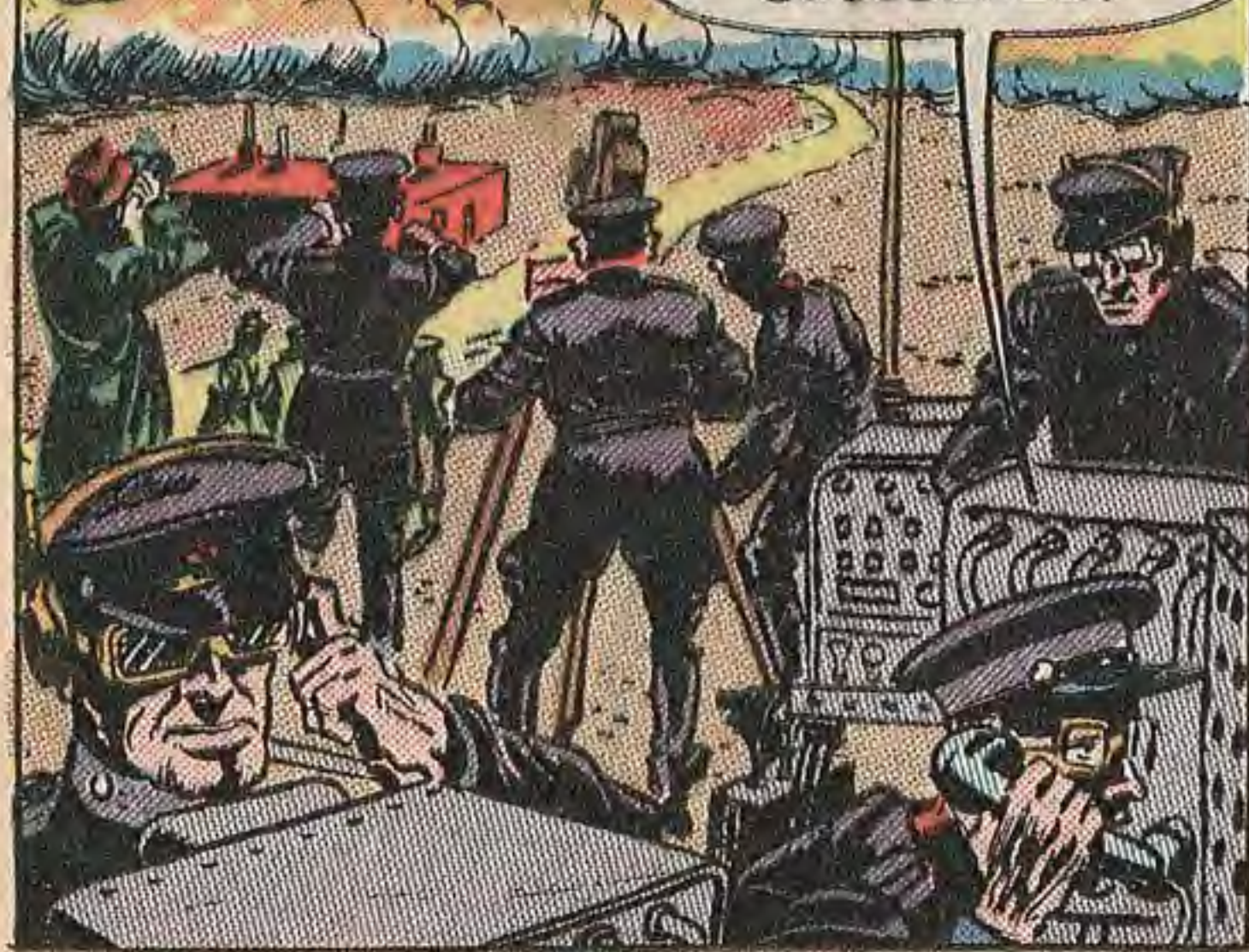


WHEN THE RUSSIANS GAINED CONTROL OF THE VAST AND FORBIDDING FORCES WHICH LURK WITHIN THE ATOM--THE WHOLE WORLD SHUDDERED! BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED--UTTERLY UNEXPECTED AND TERRIFYING---

IN THE WAKE OF THE BOMB



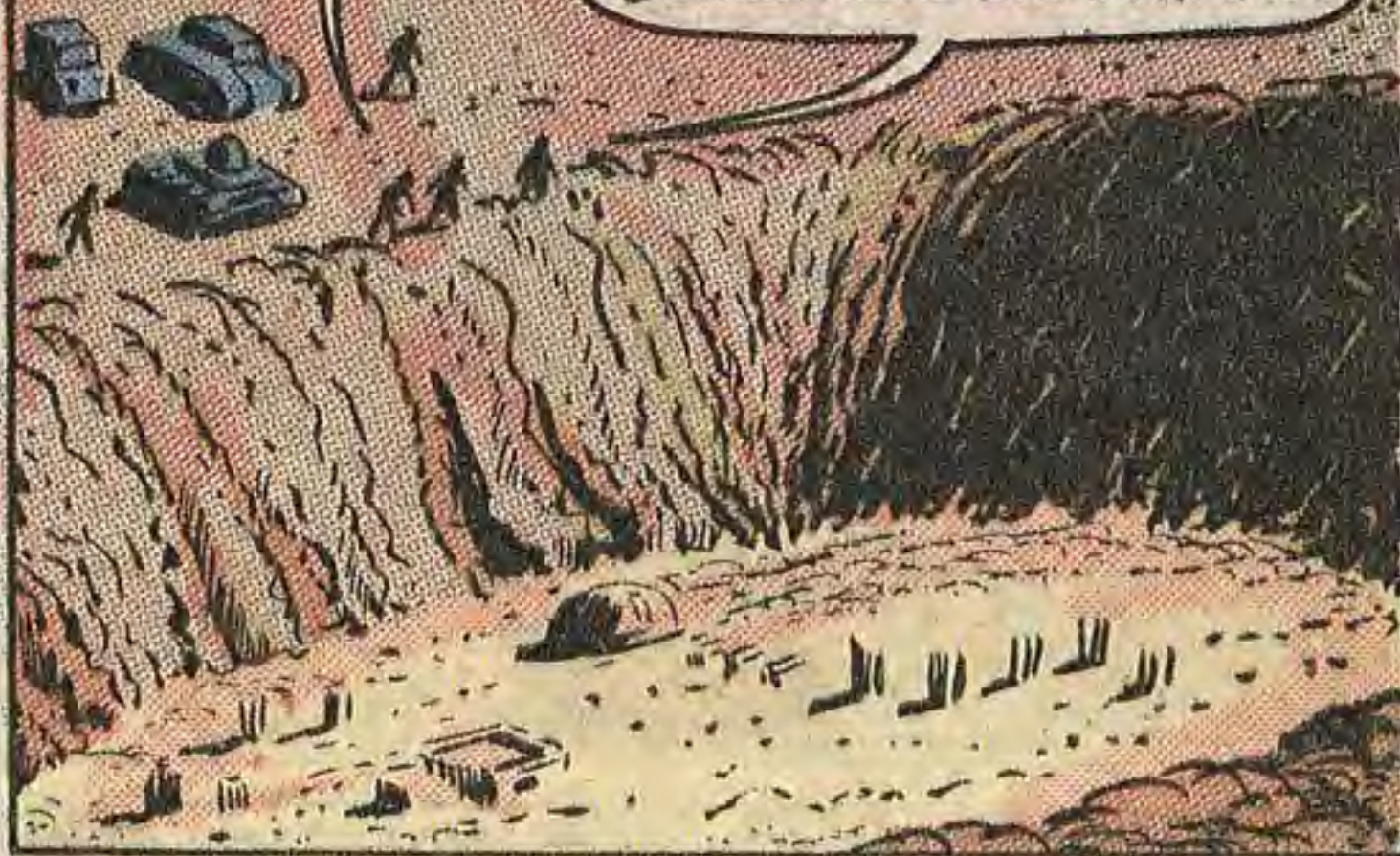
NOTIFY THE KREMLIN AT ONCE! WE HAVE SUCCEEDED!



WHEN SCIENTISTS INCHED FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE BOMB CRATER--

COMRADE-- LOOK! WHAT IS IT?

ANCIENT RUINS! SEND FOR ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPERTS! THE BLAST MAY HAVE UNCOVERED SOMETHING IMPORTANT!



AFTER MONTHS OF EXCAVATION--

INCREDIBLE! AN ENTIRE CIVILIZATION BROUGHT TO LIGHT AFTER 20,000 YEARS--THE OLDEST ARCHEOLOGICAL RUINS IN THE WORLD!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS--AS PROPOGANDA?



THUS, A GREAT DISCOVERY WAS TURNED INTO MERE GRIST FOR THE COMMUNIST PROPOGANDA MILL!

AS IS WELL KNOWN-- CIVILIZATION ITSELF WAS INVENTED IN RUSSIA!

THE NOBLE TRADITIONS OF THE RED ARMY CAN BE TRACED BACK 20,000 YEARS!

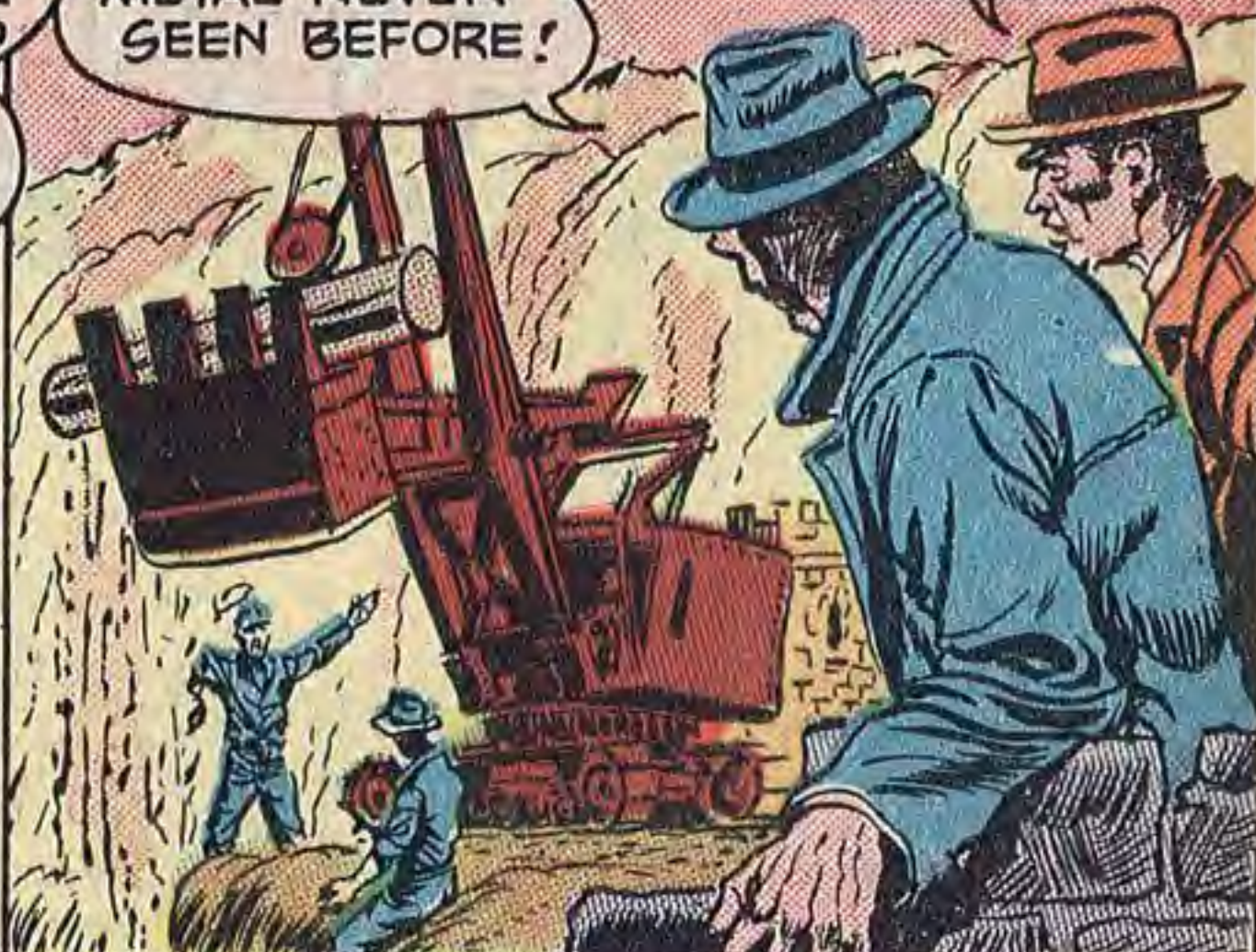
PREMIER STALIN WAS VOTED THANKS FOR HIS FORESIGHT IN ORDERING THE BOMB EXPLODED SO THAT THE RUINS WOULD BE DISCOVERED!



MEANWHILE, AS EXCAVATION CONTINUED--

THAT CYLINDER WAS BURIED UNUSUALLY DEEP-- AND IT'S FASHIONED OF A METAL NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

MOST INTERESTING-- OBVIOUSLY IT CONTAINS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT!



USING ACETYLENE TORCHES, THE STRANGE CYLINDER WAS FINALLY OPENED! WITHIN--AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!

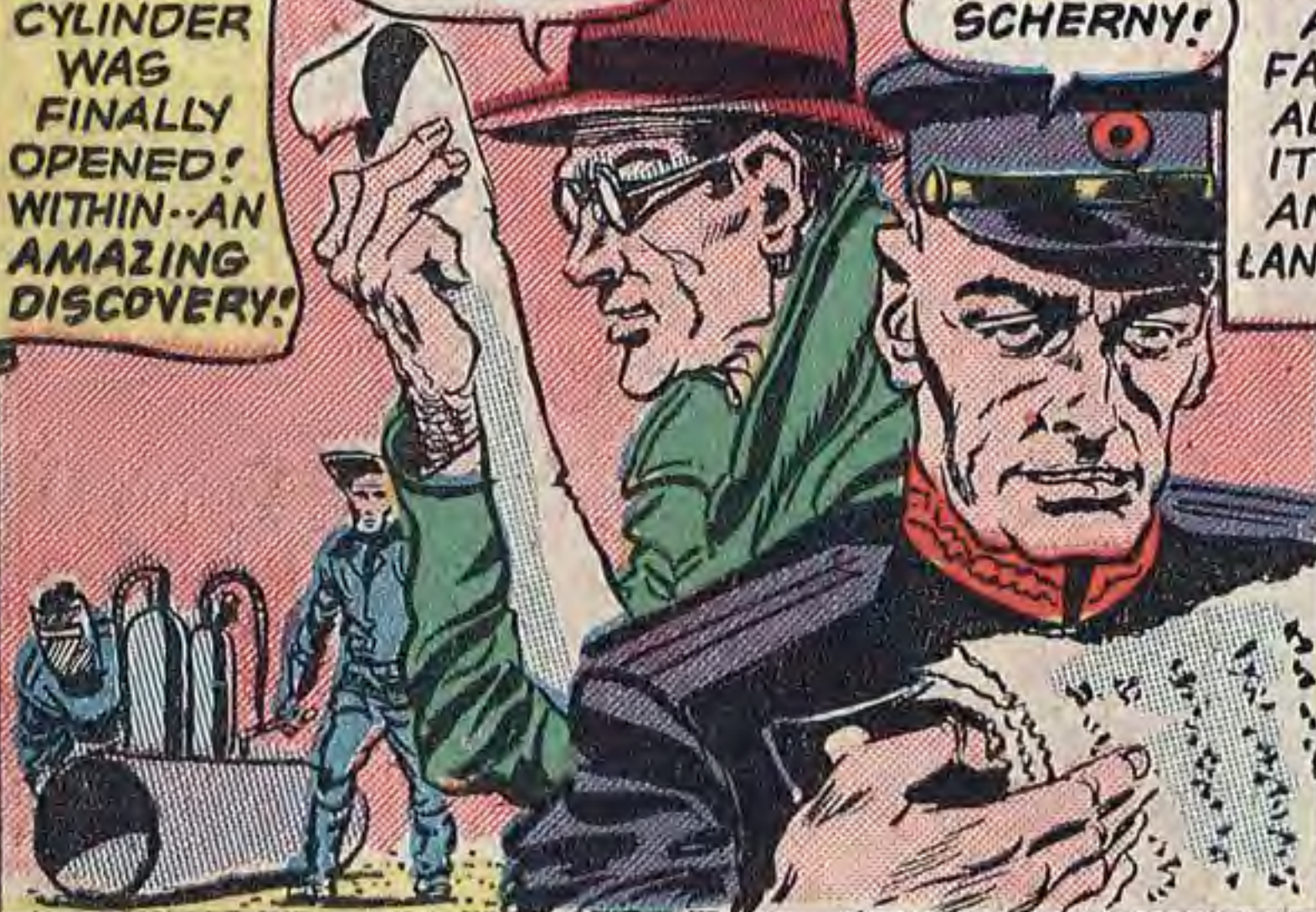
SCROLLS OF PARCHMENT --THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! AND THEY CONTAIN WRITING!

BETTER SEND THESE TO PROFESSOR MITYA SCHERNY!

AT THE HOME OF THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT LANGUAGES--

GENTLEMEN, THIS LANGUAGE IS NOT RELATED TO THE INDO-EUROPEAN OR ASIATIC GROUPINGS! IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO DECIPHER!

MAKE HASTE, SCHERNY--THE PARTY CAN'T WAIT! FOR PROPOGANDA PURPOSES, WE NEED A TRANSLATION NOW!



BUT SUCCESS WAS ACHIEVED ONLY AFTER MONTHS OF PAINSTAKING EFFORT--

YOU'VE KEPT US WAITING LONG ENOUGH! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

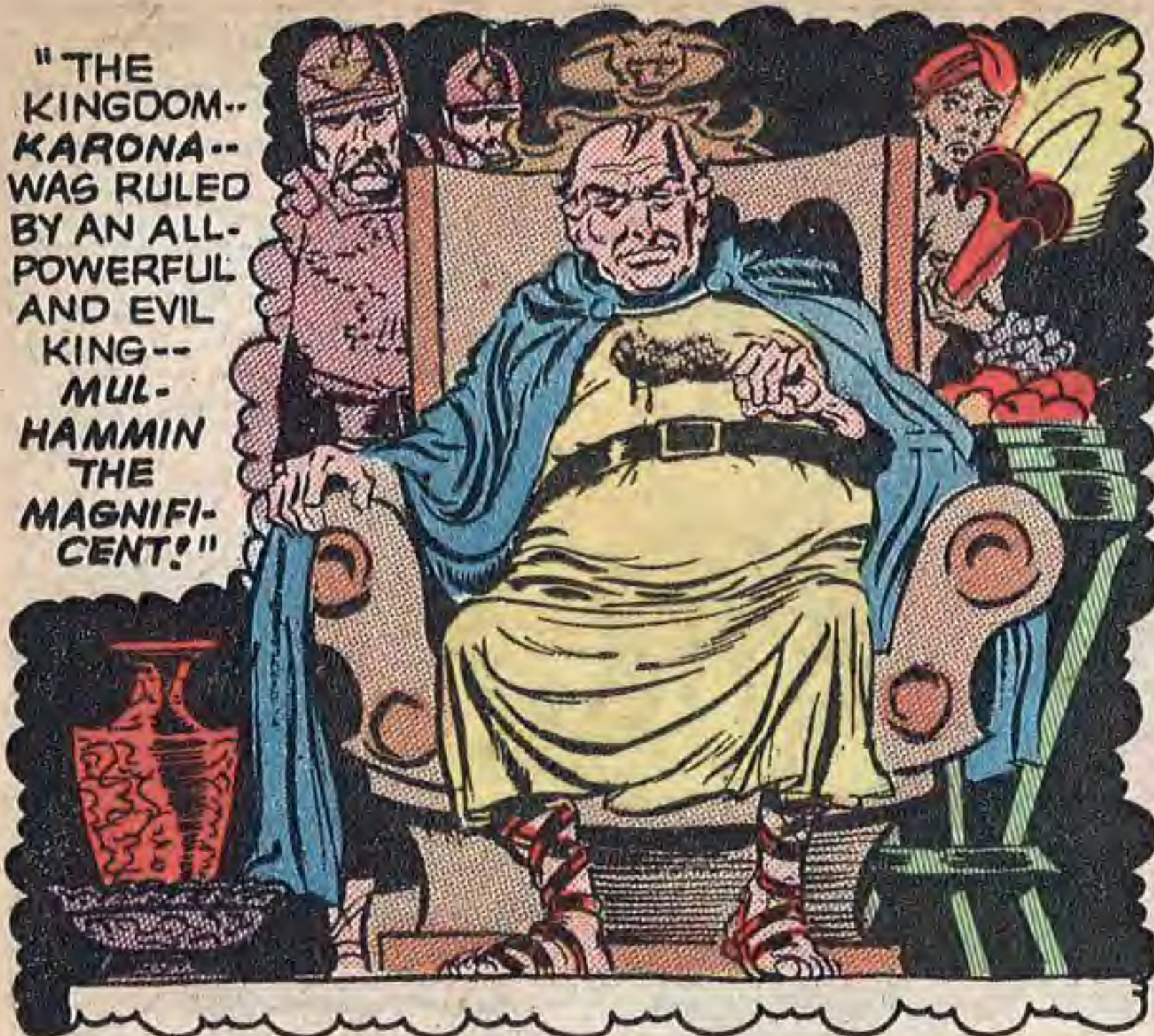
THESE SCROLLS REVEAL MATTERS OF INCALCULABLE IMPORTANCE-- AND THE FACT THAT WE ARE ALL IN GREAT DANGER! LISTEN--



"THEY TELL OF A GREAT AND POWERFUL CIVILIZATION--WHICH HAD CONQUERED ALL OF THE KNOWN WORLD--"



"THE KINGDOM--
KARONA--
WAS RULED
BY AN ALL-
POWERFUL
AND EVIL
KING--
MUL-
HAMMIN
THE
MAGNIFI-
CENT!"



"BUT OUTSIDE THE PALACE WALLS, THERE
WAS ONLY MISERY, HUNGER, AND SQUALOR..."



"AND WHEN THE PEOPLE MANAGED TO PUT THEIR
GRIEVANCES BEFORE THE RULER -- "

THE PEOPLE STARVE WHILE
THE STATE GRANERIES ARE
FILLED TO OVERFLOWING!
WE BEG YOUR MERCY,
MULHAMMIN--TAKE
STEPS BEFORE
WE PERISH!

THROW THE FOOL TO THE
DOGS! THESE ARE
THE STEPS MULHAMMIN
THE MAGNIFICENT TAKES!



MOST INSTRUCTIVE, SCHERNY!
THE KING RULED WELL AND
WISELY--HE HAD LEARNED THE
NECESSITY OF DESTROYING
OPPOSITION AND UNDER-
MINING THE MORALE OF
POTENTIAL ENEMIES!

YES?
BUT WAIT
--THERE
IS MORE
TO THIS
HISTORY--
MUCH MORE!



"THE FIRST INKLING OF THE TERRIBLE
FATE WHICH AWAITED THAT ANCIENT
CIVILIZATION OCCURRED IN THE
ROYAL OBSERVATORY-- "

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S A SMALL
BLACK PLANET, HURTLING
STRAIGHT AT THE EARTH!
INFORM THE KING!

DESTRUCTION FACES
US, YOUR MAJESTY!
THE STRANGE
PLANET SPEEDS
CLOSER EACH
MINUTE! WHAT
SHALL WE DO?

DO? FOOL, THE
GODS ARE ANGRY!
ASSEMBLE 1,000
MAIDENS-- AND
HAVE THEM
SLAUGHTERED ON
OUR SACRED ALTARS
AS A SACRIFICE!

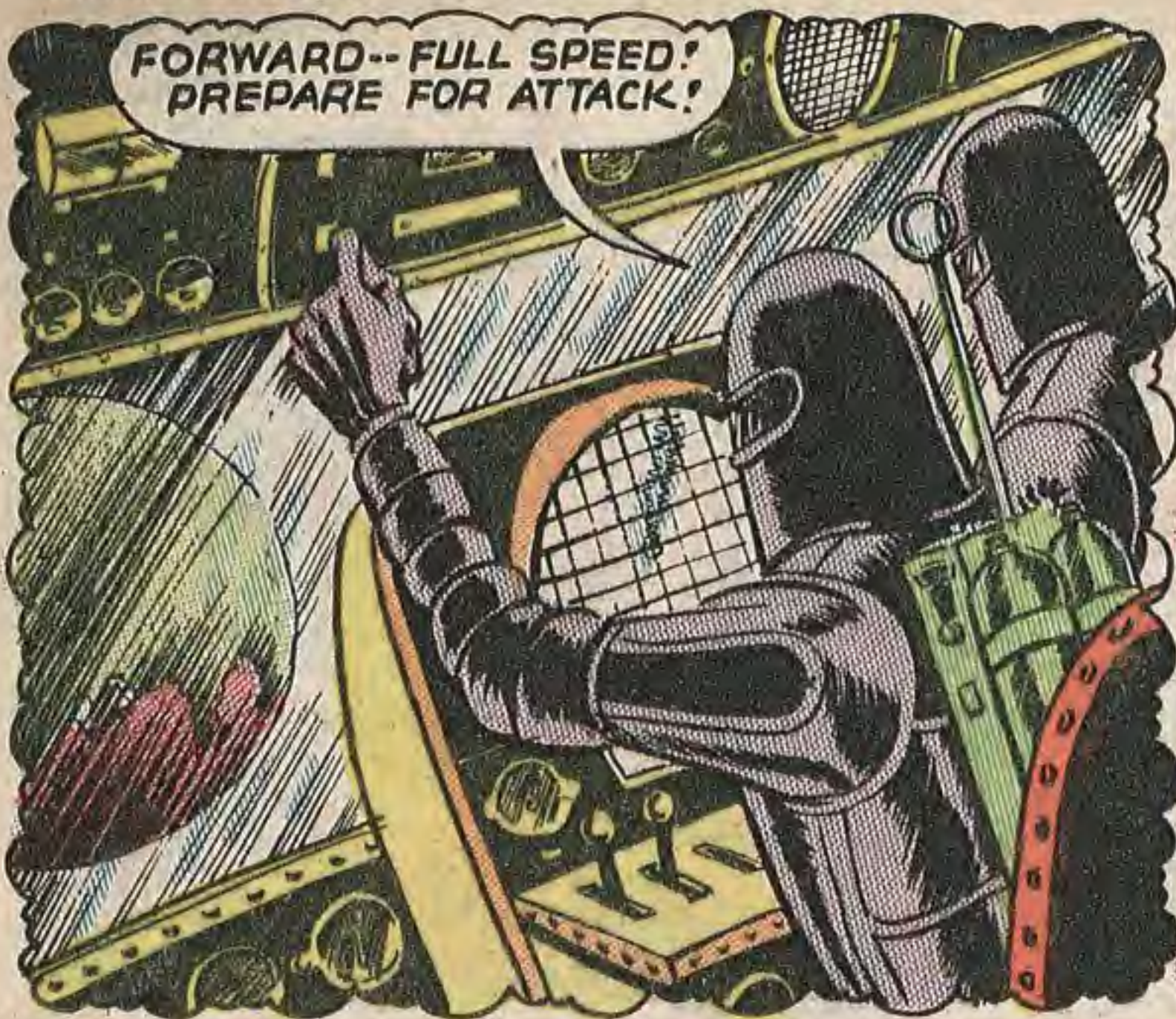
"NEXT DAY--"
LET THE
AXE FALL!

AND LET
US ALSO
PRAY THAT
THE GODS
RELENT--
OR WE ARE
DOOMED!



"MEANWHILE, IN THE REACHES OF SPACE--"

FORWARD--FULL SPEED!
PREPARE FOR ATTACK!



"WHEN THE KARONIANS DISCOVERED THAT THE BLACK PLANET WAS ACTUALLY A HUGE BLACK SPHERE-- IT WAS TOO LATE!"

DEATH TO HUMANKIND!
DEATH TO THE WICKED
AND EVIL!

NO--NO!
YAAGHHH!



"AS THE SPACEMEN SPREAD CARNAGE FAR AND WIDE--"

WHAT SHALL
WE DO WITH **THIS** ONE?
HE CLAIMS TO BE RULER
OF THE KINGDOM!

HANG HIM! THEN SEND
ME OUR SCRIBE! HE SHALL
SET DOWN THE HISTORY
AND FATE OF THIS WICKED
PEOPLE FOR FUTURE
GENERATIONS TO READ--
AS A WARNING!



-- AND FINALLY, STATE THAT WE OF OUTER SPACE WILL BE WATCHING THIS MISERABLE PLANET, AND IF EVIL HERE EVER BECOMES INTOLERABLE TO US AGAIN, WE WILL RETURN-- AND WOE TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE! NOW LET THE SCROLLS BE SEALED IN THE SHAFT OF STYRONE METAL-- SO THAT IT MAY WITHSTAND THE ONSLAUGHTS OF TIME!



"WHEN THE SPACEMEN MOVED OFF--"

THE LAND BURNS LIKE A FLAMING COAL!
BETTER THUS-- LET FUTURE LIFE THERE
START FRESH-- WITH NO TRACE OF THE
EVIL OF THE PAST!



AS THE READING OF THE
TRANSLATION ENDED--

IS THIS A JOKE, COMRADE
SCHERNY? THE WHOLE
THING'S ABSURD-- A
TYPICAL CAPITALIST
FAIRY TALE!

BUT IT'S TRUE TO THE
TRANSLATION-- EVERY
WORD OF IT! AND THE
PEOPLE MUST KNOW
THE TRUTH-- BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!



MITYA SCHERNY SOON LEARNED THE FATE OF INDEPENDENT THINKERS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE--

BUT I HAVE DONE NOTHING **WRONG!** YOU CAN'T KILL ME FOR SPEAKING THE **TRUTH!**

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE PARTY HAS DECREED THAT NO WORD OF YOUR TRANSLATION MUST REACH THE PEOPLE! AND SINCE YOU CANNOT BE TRUSTED TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE-- YOU MUST DIE FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE!



DESPITE THE MOST INTENSIVE EFFORTS, RUMORS OF MITYA SCHERNY'S DISCOVERY TRAVELED THROUGH RUSSIAN SCIENTIFIC AND POLITICAL CIRCLES! SOMETIME AFTERWARD-- IN THE MOSCOW OBSERVATORY--

CURIOUS-- TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW WE'VE PICKED UP THIS UNEXPECTED SPOT ON OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES! IT'S ALMOST AS IF SOME SMALL BLACK HEAVENLY BODY WERE HURTLING TOWARDS US AT TREMENDOUS SPEED!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF "PRAVDA"--

COMRADE EDITOR! ALL DAY THESE REPORTS HAVE BEEN COMING IN FROM ALL OVER RUSSIA! THEY SAY--

I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY! BAH-- ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT A STRANGE BLACK PLANET-- AND ALL BECAUSE THAT FOOL SCHERNY'S STORY LEAKED OUT!



LATER, AS THE REPORTERS DROVE TO THEIR HOMES OUTSIDE OF MOSCOW--

THE EDITOR WAS RIGHT-- THOSE REPORTS WERE MERE NONSENSE! STILL-- IT'S CURIOUS THAT--

IVAN! LOOK!



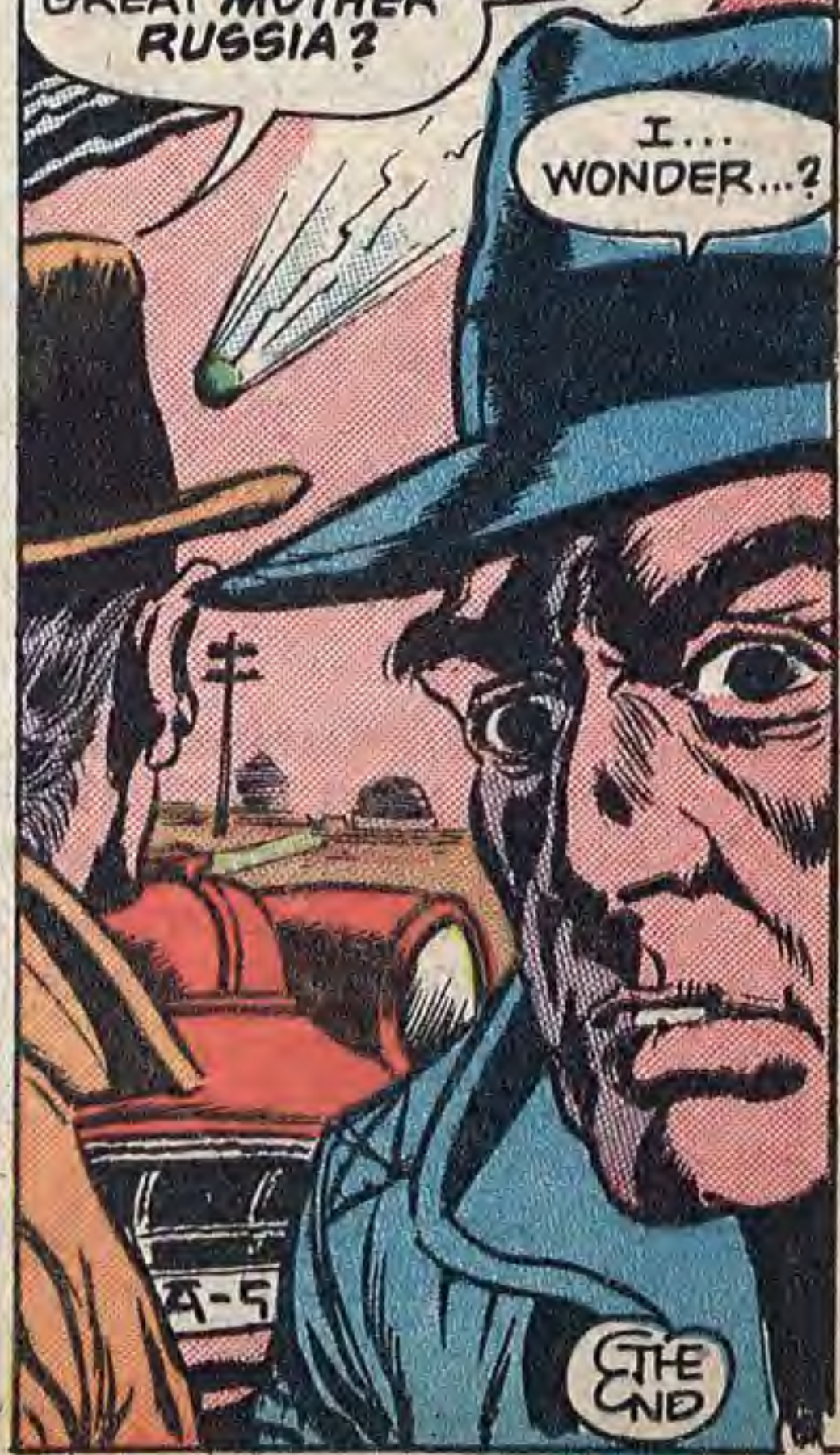
GOOD HEAVENS! IT-- CAN'T BE!

BUT IT IS!

AS THE BLACK SPHERE ROARED TOWARD THE KREMLIN--

BUT-- WHAT DOES IT MEAN? EVEN IF MEN FROM SPACE WERE TO COME TO EARTH TO PUNISH THE WICKED-- WOULD THEY PICK ON GREAT MOTHER RUSSIA?

I... WONDER...?



THE END

OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

LET'S START OFF in the customary way...by conveying our heartiest greetings to all of you...our readers and loyal fans of "Out Of The Night"!

It's another issue...another fascinating subject to talk over! This time, it's in response to the many letters we've received asking us *why* we selected the title "Out Of The Night" for this magazine. The intimation was that there were many other more obvious titles which might have been employed. Well...not to us, there weren't! Study our title for a moment...think about it...and then ask yourselves if any name could be more appropriate, more directly suited to a publication which deals with the fascinating world of the supernatural! Since the beginning of mankind, the night has been associated with the *Unknown*. Even primitive man awoke, shivering, from the fear-laden dreams in which strange, eerie beings menaced him. The very name for such dreams...*nightmares*...suggests the strange things that are abroad *by night*. We humans don't fear what we can see. But when dark covers up the known, it's time for the *Unknown* to emerge. And from out of the darkness...out of the night...

come all of the eerie denizens of the vast realm of the supernatural. Ghosts, vampires, werewolves...all shun the light of the day and seek the cover of blackness. And since it is with such strange beings that we deal, what better title for our magazine than the very source of its subject-matter..."Out Of The Night"!

You'll find a lot in this present issue that *more* than justifies this title! And we think you'll like it, too. It's been a long time since a more eerily challenging story than "The Weird Wager" has come to our attention. "Death Has Wings" is a vampire story with a *new* twist, and it's fascinating! You'll get a real kick out of "Domain of The Were-Beast"...and a pulse-stirring thrill from "In The Wake of The Bomb". And rounding out the issue is "The Fountain of Age", a weird story with a punch ending that'll leave you gasping!

Please write and tell us how you like this issue...and what you'd like to see in future issues! Address your letter to The Editor, *Out Of The Night*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And for what a few of our other readers are saying...here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading the latest issue of 'Out Of The Night' and think it's grand! I've read many other supernatural comics, but yours seems to appeal to me most. Your stories seem more lifelike and keep me in suspense longer. An ardent reader...

--Robert Klimas, Cleveland, Ohio."

"Dear Editor:-

Congratulations for publishing the greatest supernatural comics on the market! 'Out Of The Night' should be a smash success. Among the large numbers of supernatural comics on the market, I've noticed that yours are the fastest-selling of them all. Because they sell so rapidly, I've asked my magazine dealer to reserve copies for me the moment they come in. A devoted reader...

--Kenneth R. Davis, Racine, Wis."

"Dear Editor:-

I am 13 years old and have read almost all supernatural comics, but 'Out Of The Night' tops them all. Keep up the good work!

--Joanie Steele, Harper Woods, Mich."

NOT LONG AGO AN INCREDIBLY OLD MAN DIED IN THE CAPE TOWN HOSPITAL! SO WHAT? NOTHING... EXCEPT THAT UPON INVESTIGATION THE AUTHORITIES LEARNED THAT HE HAD BEEN ONLY THIRTY YEARS OLD! "IMPOSSIBLE," YOU SAY? BUT WAIT... JOURNEY WITH US TO DARKEST AFRICA... EXPLORE SOME OF ITS DREAD SECRETS, AND DON'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND UNTIL YOU'VE LEARNED ABOUT...

The FOUNTAIN of AGE!

GREAT SCOTT!
THEY'RE ALL
REPLICAS OF
ME... AT
DIFFERENT
AGES!
HELP!



DAN NEWTON, GEOLOGIST, WAS NEW TO SOUTH AFRICA! HE CAN BE EXCUSED FOR TRYING TO CROSS THE GREAT KALAHARI DESERT WITHOUT ENOUGH WATER...

BWANA... THE WATER IS GONE... WE DIE OF THIRST!

I'D GIVE ALL THE URANIUM IN AFRICA FOR A DRINK MYSELF! STOP COMPLAINING!



NOR COULD HE BE BLAMED FOR SCOFFING AT THE SUPERSTITIONS OF HIS GUIDES...

LOOK... THAT STRANGE FOUNTAIN... IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT! MUST BE A MIRAGE!

IT IS A FOUNTAIN, BWANA... BUT DO NOT GO NEAR IT! IT IS JU-JU... CURSED!





WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY? GET OUT OF MY WAY!

NO...IT IS BETTER TO DIE THAN DRINK THIS WATER!



GRAZED BY THIRST, DAN COMMITTED THE GRAVEST ERROR OF HIS LIFE...AND FOR THIS, THERE WAS NO EXCUSE!

OUT OF MY WAY, BLAST YOU...ALL OF YOU!

BANG! BANG!



PERHAPS HE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED MORE CLOSELY AT THOSE STRANGE STATUES!

AH...THAT WATER HITS THE SPOT! THOSE NATIVES MUST'VE BEEN INSANE!



WEEKS LATER, DAN MADE HIS WAY TO A COASTAL TOWN AND BOARDED A SHIP...

STRANGE...I'VE ESCAPED DEATH...I'M GOING HOME TO MY SWEETHEART... WHY DON'T I FEEL THAT SURGE OF YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM, AS USUAL? INSTEAD, I'M TIRED... WANT TO REST!



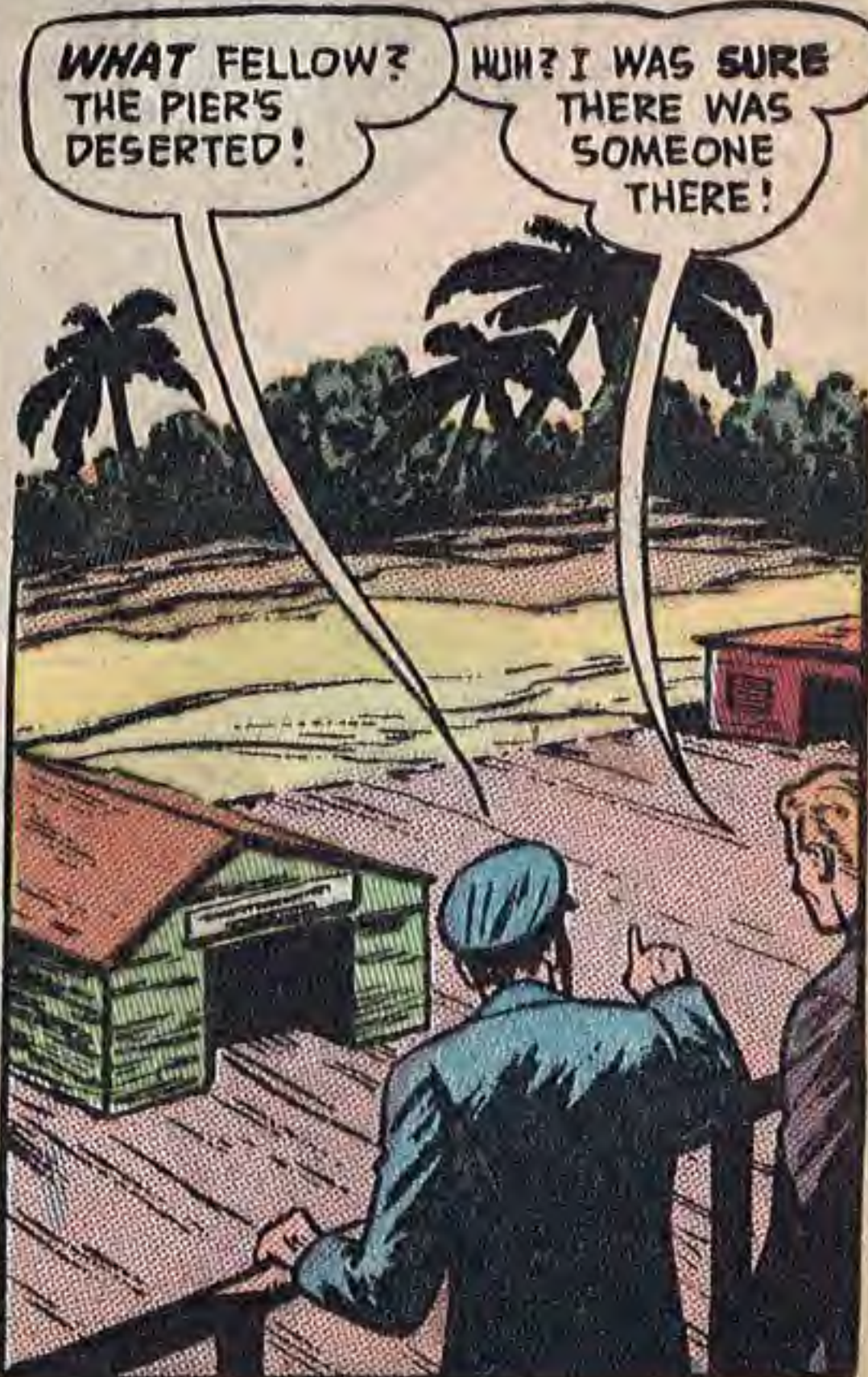
AS HE TURNED TO BID AFRICA FAREWELL, DAN GAVE A STRANGLED GASP...

WELL, OF ALL THE...! IT'S...INCREDIBLE!



THAT FELLOW ON THE PIER...HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ME...EXCEPT THAT HE'S ABOUT TEN YEARS OLDER!

WHERE?



WHAT FELLOW? THE PIER'S DESERTED!

HUH? I WAS SURE THERE WAS SOMEONE THERE!

PERHAPS THE DREAM THAT NIGHT WAS CAUSED BY THE STRAIN OF HIS PAST HARDSHIPS---

IT...IT'S THE MAN ON THE PIER...
MY AGING DOUBLE!



BUT...WAS IT A DREAM?

FINGERMARKS...
ON MY THROAT! I
...I MUST HAVE
DONE IT MYSELF!
I **MUST** HAVE!



THE NIGHTMARE VOYAGE WAS OVER AT LAST...AND RITA WAS WAITING...

YOU LOOK THE SAME, DAN...
ONLY YOU SEEM
OLDER!

SIX MONTHS
AWAY FROM
YOU IS LIKE
SIX YEARS,
DARLING!



FORGOTTEN WAS THE HORROR OF THE PAST...ONLY THE HAPPY FUTURE COUNTED...

'BYE FOR NOW,
SWEETHEART
...SEE YOU AT
EIGHT!

RIGHT!



BUT THE HAPPINESS VANISHED ABRUPTLY...AS STARK TERROR RETURNED!

MY DOUBLE...
AGAIN! BUT NOW
HE'S...**TWENTY**
YEARS OLDER!



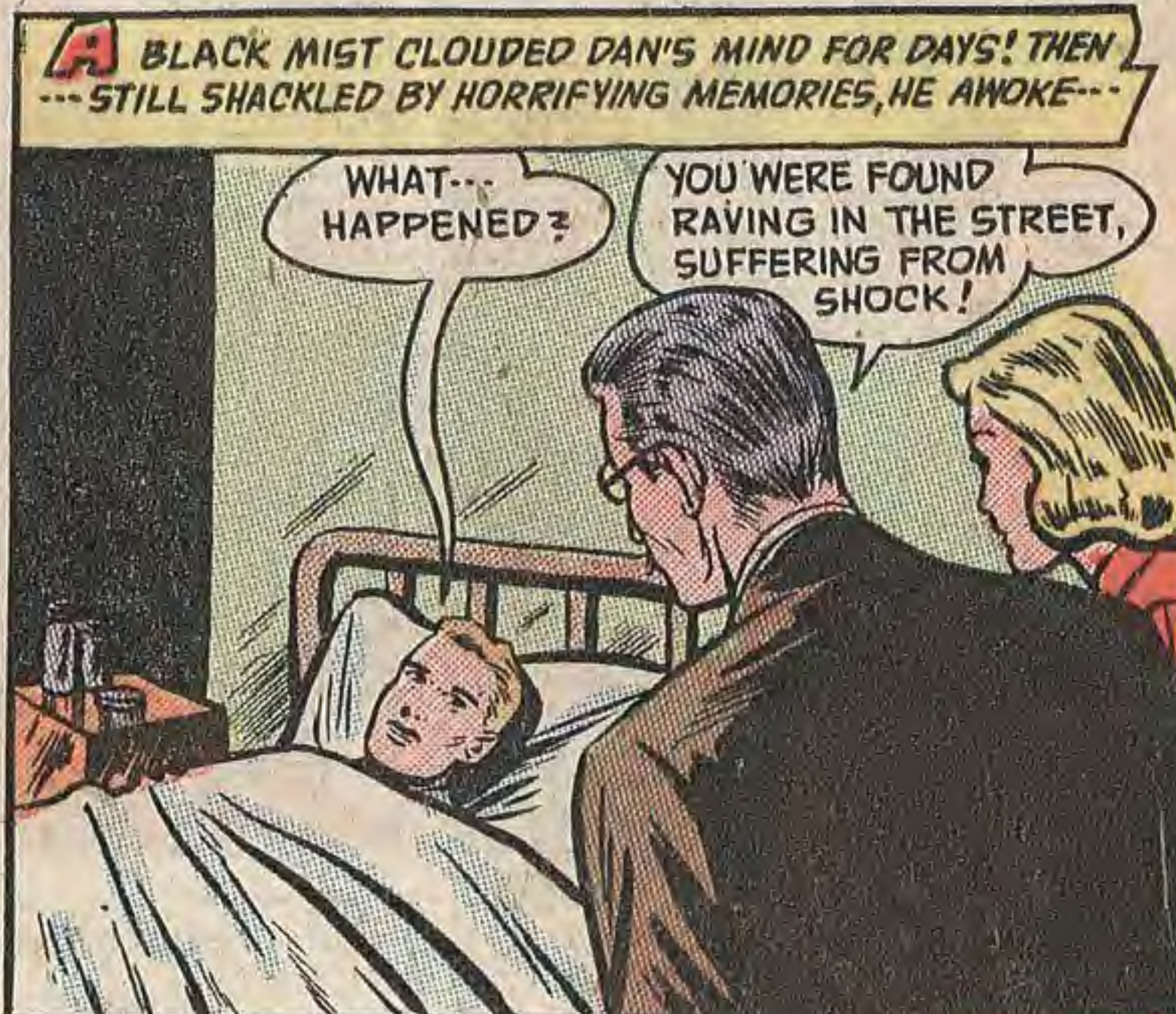
SHATTERED NERVES RESPONDED VIOLENTLY!

MY FIST...IT
WENT RIGHT
THROUGH
HIM!



HE'S DISAPPEARED
...**COMPLETELY!**
I MUST BE GOING
INSANE!







DAN OPENED THE DOOR SLOWLY... AND THERE...

SO...YOU HAVE COME, AT LAST!

YE GODS... THEY'RE THE ASKARI NATIVES I SHOT IN AFRICA! BUT--IT CAN'T BE!



I MUST KEEP CALM... MAYBE I CAN TALK MY WAY OUT OF THIS!

W--WELL... WHY HAVE YOU COME?

WE WARNED YOU NOT TO DRINK FROM THE FOUNTAIN! NOW YOU MUST PAY... NOT FOR MURDERING US... BUT FOR DEFYING THE ANCIENT TABOO OF THE FOUNTAIN OF AGE!



DAN KNEW NOW THAT TALK WAS USELESS! HE ACTED SWIFTLY... LEAPED FOR HIS RIFLE CASE!

I KILLED YOU ONCE... I CAN DO IT AGAIN!



FOOL... YOU CANNOT HARM THE DEAD! AND NOW... I BRING DOWN UPON YOU THE CURSE OF THE ASKARIS! ALREADY, YOUR LIFE IS EBBING AWAY!

HUH? BUT... I FEEL FINE!



NO... EVEN NOW YOU BEGIN TO GROW OLD, TO DIE! SOON YOU WILL HAVE PAID THE PENALTY... IN FULL!

THEN... THOSE OLD MEN... THEY WERE...



...YOUR AGING SPIRIT... WHICH WE HAVE ALREADY CLAIMED! YOUR BODY IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW!

WAIT! IS THERE ANY WAY TO OVERCOME THIS TERRIBLE CURSE? I'LL DO... ANYTHING!



WE CARE NOT WHO PAYS FOR YOUR CRIME... SO LONG AS THE ASKARI VENGEANCE IS SATISFIED! IF SOMEONE WOULD TAKE YOUR PLACE...



BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of other-wise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. **BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS!** Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 506
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

* SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS

OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH COUPON
NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

with a sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in con-

dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

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